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American MERCURY

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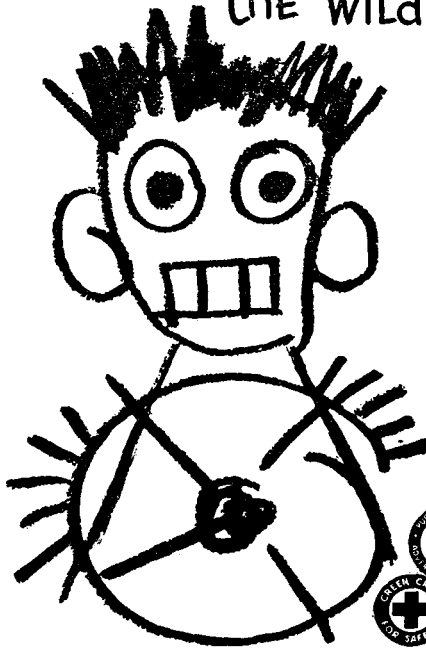

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Mr. Eisenhower

AND THE

Socialized State

By Willard Edwards

OVER his second highball, the veteran Republican politician confided darkly: "A socialized United States is inevitable by 1980, no matter who gets elected President next year. No leader is going to reverse the trend of the past twenty years. It has been a little slower under Eisenhower; it will accelerate again under a Democrat.

"I am for Ike 100 percent. I don't like his program but I think he, in his groping way, is trying to preserve free enterprise. He doesn't realize the tremendous odds against him.

"It's a hell of a confession to make but I'm in there battling for him to run again solely because he's the only man wearing the Republican label who can win and because he will at least retard the coming of the welfare state."

The speaker was a GOP national committeeman who shapes his party's policy in a midwestern state which is a stronghold of conservative, Right-wing Republicanism. He was a devout follower of the late Senator Taft. He regards Mr. Eisenhower's program and his circle of advisers with scarcely concealed aversion, but he is among those shouting the loudest for a reluctant President to seek re-election.

"Bob Taft saw it coming," he continued. "That was why he was for public housing and some other welfare proposals which antagonized some conservatives. He knew some welfare programs, used as a supplementary means of tiding people over rough spots, might actually improve the working of the free market. He used to say it was a matter of degree — that a program was not socialistic until it was raised to the point where it tended to destroy the free market.

"When he died, Taft was achieving an influence with Ike. He could

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have helped him to a knowledge of how to stop government intervention short of destructive competition with private enterprise. But there's no Taft in the Eisenhower circle."

BLACK DESPAIR currently grips old-line Republican leaders. An almost grotesque irony tinges their practically unanimous clamor for another four years of a regime which has irritated, angered and alarmed them. Mr. Eisenhower's sole virtue in their eyes is that he runs on the Republican ticket and seems to have an unshakable popularity.

The blunt words of the leader quoted above may be accepted as typical of the private thinking of most of the so-called professionals — the men who reason coldly that victory at the polls comes first.

They are convinced that no other Republican candidate than the President can win against any Democratic candidate, whether he be Adlai Stevenson, Governor Harriman, Senator Kefauver or any one else.

They sorrowfully concede the obvious — that Mr. Eisenhower's personal appeal doesn't help the rest of the ticket. In 1952, the Eisenhower landslide swept 297 Congressional districts, but Republican Congressional candidates were elected in only 221. It is doubtful that a single Republican candidate rode into office on Ike's coattails in that year and at least 76 aspirants could ruefully note that he was a vote-getter in their areas for himself alone.

The professionals thus admit privately that Democrats will probably remain in control of Congress even if Mr. Eisenhower stages another sweep. Practical men, they are willing to swallow this bitter pill in order to keep the party organization alive at the national level.

Their primary fear is that the party is doomed if it loses the Presidency after only one term, following Democratic supremacy for twenty years. Most of them gloomily agree with the political veteran's prediction of eventual national socialism which four more years of Eisenhower can only retard.

This pessimist conceded the efforts of several cabinet members to halt the trend. He noted Agriculture Secretary Benson's warnings against a socialized agriculture and his pleas for greater reliance on the free market. He had an approving word for Treasury Secretary Humphrey's willingness to let interest rates rise. He mentioned Interior Secretary McKay's announcement that private enterprise, whenever possible, should be allowed to develop water power projects, provided it does not interfere with the orderly development of our natural resources.

"But the hidden socialists still remain in secondary government positions from which they are able to shape government policy," he remarked. "They are the New Dealers who took flyers into public ownership of power resources, land development, control of prices and rents,

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allocation of materials, restrictions upon imports. They enjoyed tinkering with the currency.

"Their theme is simple: Government is good and business is evil. Labor is good and employers are wicked. Federal government is progressive and state government is reactionary. Public ownership is good and private enterprise is selfish and corrupt. Wages are good and profits are sinful. Public welfare is good and private charity is inefficient. They have built up what Herbert Hoover calls an empire-seeking bureaucracy and they have established an irresistible momentum."

THE PROFESSIONALS may be wrong — both in their gloomy forebodings concerning the socialist trend and in their estimate of the political weakness of Republican candidates other than Eisenhower. Certainly they were wrong in their political forecasting in 1948.

There are fiery elements in the Republican party who attack the Eisenhower popularity as a myth. These largely unorganized groups regard the President as a crypto-Democrat foisted upon them in a betrayal of Senator Taft at the 1952 convention. They pin their hopes on Senator Knowland of California as a strong candidate who could furnish a true test of conservatism versus liberalism in the national elections.

Knowland is more than willing, but he will never enter the lists unless the President announces a preference for the bucolic comforts of Gettysburg.

The anti-Eisenhower rebels lack the professional concern for winning. They would rather go down to defeat with a "genuine" Republican than achieve victory with Ike. They resent the prominence in the Republican party of the Citizens for Eisenhower organization and ask the pertinent question whether this group would support any other Republican candidate than the White House occupant. Their opinion — and the professionals join in this conclusion — is that the answer would be negative.

Mr. Eisenhower, the dissidents say, has wrecked the Republican party. He has given little recognition to conservatives in his appointments; he has smiled upon and refused to criticize Democratic leaders and gets along better with them than with some of his own party leaders; he has followed up and improved upon Roosevelt-Truman policies. Deficit spending, massive foreign aid, and trade agreements at the expense of American industry have been continued as under previous administrations.

These insubordinates assert the voters have never been given an opportunity in two decades to choose between liberalism and conservatism. They assert that a grassroots strength has never had a chance to mobilize behind a candidate who supports constitutional government, limited taxation, protective tariffs,

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and a tough, anti-Communist foreign policy and who opposes one-world government, large-scale spending abroad, and United Nations entanglements.

But the same strain of defeatism apparent among the professional Republican leaders colors the thinking of the rebels. They realize they have no leader who will risk his political neck if Mr. Eisenhower decides to run. They threaten to stay home in that event, as many of them did in 1954, thus contributing to the defeat of enough conservative Republicans to give the Democratic party a narrow control of Congress.

This is a sad state of affairs — from the Republican viewpoint — which finds the professional leaders clinging desperately to a nominal Republican President who was once seriously proffered the Democratic nomination. Their strategy might be summed up simply as a delaying action in a battle to stave off a steady advance towards the welfare state.

ARE THEIR FEARS based on a sound foundation? Can they be just as wrong in this dismal economic outlook as they were politically in 1948? They cite some hard facts to support their conclusions.

It may be accepted that the vast majority of Americans abhor nationalization of industry, which is the main objective of socialism. But such an authority as Goeffrey Crowther, liberal editor of the London *Economist*, notes that nationalization of industry is a much less important part of socialism than is usually assumed. It covers, he says, "a great many forms of intervention by the state or by labor organizations with free economic processes."

Socialism is a step by step process. It advances by measures which tend to substitute government control for the free market economy in which the consumer ultimately governs and directs production and the expectation of profit or self-gain directs both worker and capital.

A progressive income tax of moderate range may not interfere greatly with the market. But a confiscatory tax, drying up both incentive and investment funds, would quickly destroy private enterprise. A 100 percent inheritance tax says nothing about nationalization of industry but its inevitable effect would be virtually to eliminate our present system of private industry and property within a generation.

The progressive income tax has been the most important and most obvious means for socializing incomes. Rate increases have had the effect of making the tax approach confiscation in the upper brackets, thereby absorbing potential investment funds and at the same time reducing the incentive to invest.

The acceptance of heavy taxation as a normal feature of life is essential to the attainment of the socialized state. The average American now works one day in four for Federal, state and local tax collectors. He is

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so accustomed to this that a Democratic proposal for a $20 tax cut for everybody aroused little national interest in the present Congressional session.

THE SOCIALIST planners aim first at accustoming the people to relying on the government. Harold J. Laski, father of British Socialism, said in 1929 that the first step in bringing socialism to the United States was the establishment of a system of social insurance, including unemployment and health insurance and survivors' benefits. As a companion measure, he argued for taxation for social purposes — with taxes aimed at reducing higher incomes and the funds to be used as grants-in-aid for social purposes, as, for example, education.

The bait of socialism since the days of the Fabian society in Britain has been "security" and "social welfare." Socialism was an odious word to be avoided. The American people over a twenty-year period have come to accept security through government action which involves surrender to the government of power and authority to control our actions.

Almost every American youth, upon completion of his education, is now acclimatized for two or more years to the acceptance of food, clothing, housing and training in unquestioning obedience to the orders of a superior. After the military draft is through with him, he is tendered free education and training, hospital treatment, and the delights of his own home with no down payment. He becomes eligible for unemployment benefits, old age and survivors' insurance. Firmly planted in his mind is the principle that the government was established to take care of every citizen.

Older age groups have long become accustomed to Federal paternalism. There are now 2,600,000 people drawing public assistance; another 2,600,000 drawing old-age insurance; 3,200,000 drawing survivors' insurance; 2,500,000 veterans drawing disability compensation or pensions; 752,000 widows and children of veterans drawing benefits.

More than half a million railroad workers and dependents are drawing benefits. Dependent children numbering 1,400,000 and 475,000 parents or guardians of needy children are receiving assistance. More than 800,000 are drawing unemployment insurance payments.

Add approximately five million individuals in the armed forces and on the Federal payroll and you have more than twenty million persons regularly receiving government paychecks. Countless others receive an occasional payment. More than forty Federal agencies lend money to builders, home owners, farmers, businesses and foreigners.

The pressure in wage labor contracts is increasingly heavier on pension and security features.

One out of every five dollars which the government will spend

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next year will go toward various welfare and economic aid programs.

Political suicide would be committed by any candidate who dared to suggest that such payments should now level off and no more beneficiaries be added while the nation took a breathing spell and once more eyed a balanced budget.

MR. EISENHOWER has made it clear that he wants to increase these benefits and extend them to additional classes. An even broader welfare program could be expected from any Democratic President.

Federal competition with private industry is an essential feature of the socialized state. The Hoover Commission report of May 15 revealed the staggering scale on which government agencies now compete with business. The report urged the dissolution or transfer to private hands of close to 1,500 Federal enterprises which sap the vitality of the private enterprise system through competition for the consumer dollar.

The report listed military commissaries, post exchanges, bakeries, meat cutting houses, clothing factories, dry-cleaning plants and laundries operated by the government. The Defense Department alone runs 2,500 stores, shops and other businesses with a total capital investment of 15 billion dollars.

None but an incurable optimist would believe that the commission's recommendations on this point will receive even serious consideration.

Federal spending shows no signs of a let-up. The President has proposed a hundred-billion-dollar program of Federal aid for highways; Federal aid for school construction; and 3.5 billions more for foreign aid which has cost the nation more than 50 billions since 1945.

Mr. Eisenhower, generally, has followed a Democratic pattern in his program during two sessions of Congress.

On the overriding issue of foreign policy, Democrats have been forced to supply not only undivided support but most of the Congressional leadership, so closely has the President followed the outline of his predecessors.

The national debt creeps steadily higher. Congress no longer slashes expenditures as in the past and the annual Federal budget for the coming fiscal year is approximately 62 billion dollars.

An uncomplaining citizenry accepts the heavy burden of taxation essential to this program. It seems content to pay the price as it looks more and more to Washington for the security which is a fundamental human craving.

These are among the facts which moved the professional politician to voice his somber doubts.

"We'll have a socialized state in 25 years at the latest," he repeated. "The people are rapidly being conditioned for it. It'll take a little longer under Ike. And I won't be here to see it."

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The Lost Art of IDLING

By D. MacClure

HAS this modern age allowed its greatest men, its leaders of nations and captains of industry to lose that precious thing — the leisure to sit back and think? Today, speed rules their lives and overcrowds their days. It leaves them limp and exhausted.

How much is civilization losing because of this?

The quiet reflective hours are gone when inspiration used to come to men — the stroll across the fields, the talk with friends in the evening, the long rest in bed or even in the bath.

It has been more than 2,200 years since Archimedes ran into the streets of Syracuse clad in a bath towel, shouting: "I have found it!" "It" was the principle by which a body immersed in water suffers a loss in weight equal to the weight of water displaced. Archimedes discovered that when his bath slopped over.

Maybe comparatively few great ideas come to men in their baths. But great ideas do come to them in their leisure. Galileo hit upon the principle of the pendulum when he noticed the rhythmic swing of the chandelier in Pisa Cathedral.

Newton chanced upon the law of gravitation as he watched an apple fall in his garden at Woolsthrope. Such inspiration seldom strikes a man at work, or even a research student, tied down to established lines for immediate ends.

Taxpayers or shareholders do not finance men to watch apple trees in an orchard or chandeliers in a cathedral.

Only leisure can conceive such genius. Sometimes the leisure is enforced. The bitter experience of empty hours "climbing other men's staircases" in exile inspired Dante to write his *Divine Comedy*. John Bunyan glimpsed the vision of the *Pilgrim's Progress* when he had too much leisure in Bedford Gaol. A sudden change of fortunes threw Milton into the vacant, poverty-stricken old age that drove him to write *Paradise Lost*.

Usually the leisured hours when man finds inspiration are born of

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sheer idleness, of revolt against routine. The young Balzac, refusing a profitable opening at the bar, chose to be poor and unemployed. Ben Johnson should have been busy laying bricks at the gateway of Lincoln's Inn. He preferred to read the less recognized classics over a mug of wine. And so he managed to turn an indifferent Greek verse into *Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes.*

Christopher Columbus ought to have looked out for a berth on board ship. He preferred to wander around the harbor taverns at Genoa, hear the tales of old sailors, fondle a piece of carving washed up on the Azores by the west wind, delve into a forgotten poem by the Roman Seneca that foretold the finding of a great new continent beyond Iceland, and piecing all these things together, emerge with the great design that was the finding of America.

There is a definite record of the discovery of printing. It is odd that it should have taken so long. Four thousand years ago, kings in Assyria and Babylon stamped their edicts with seals scrawled on wax tablets and baked bricks.

Only in 1041 did it strike an idle clerk called Pi Yan, in the service of a Chinese emperor, as he sat playing with the imperial seals in one of those vacant moments that come to civil servants, that 250,000 such baked bricks inscribed with the characters of the mandarin alphabet would set down the whole encyclopedia of Chinese scholars. And in that idle moment printing was given to man.

In the eighteenth century, William Murdock was given to watching the will-o'-the-wisp flickering over Cornish marshes when he should have been minding his employer's business. Wouldn't it be possible for man to make that light, Murdock wondered. So, by slow and leisurely process, alone in his room for many hours at a time, he hit upon the idea of heating coals in caldrons and setting fire to the gases they gave off. He thus gave mankind revolutionary means of gaining light, heat and power.

YOU CANNOT plan, organize or direct men into avenues of greatness. No degree of foresight can guide a Gibbon, lounging among the ruins of the Capitol, "to conceive the idea of writing the Decline and Fall of the City." Nor can planning provide the chance for Thomas Gray to wander around a cemetery in England until the inspiration comes to write *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, which, while it did not bring the poet a penny, has given pleasure beyond price to five generations of the English-speaking world.

All that man can do is to see that his fellow men are not employed too fully to exclude such moments of idleness in which the great idea is born. Otherwise, the door will be shut in the face of genius, and civilization will be denied the new conceptions often reached at leisure.

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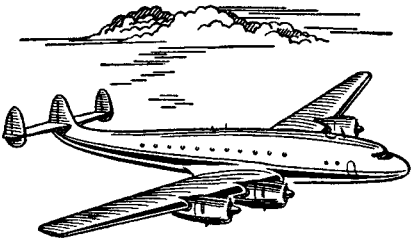

GASKETS and GLAMOR

The Demon Mechanic Is a Lady

BY HARRY THOMPSON

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD Hannchen was playing in the motorcycle shop of her father, Emil Jung. The shop was in Lauf, just outside Nuremberg, Germany. The year was 1931.

Hannchen had her fingers in a carburetor. She was exploring.

"What is this, Papa?" she asked.

"It is a throttle piston. Go away from there."

"And this piece, Papa — what is it?"

"It's the float."

"What does it do, Papa?"

"It makes — Hannchen! Keep away from the engines! Go home. It is not fitting for a little lady to get her hands — much less her dress — covered with grease. What do you want to do? Grow up to be a mechanic? Tomorrow I will take you into Nuremberg. It is a city rich in a historical and cultural past. I will show you —"

"Papa! Will you take me to the factories where they build the tank and airplane engines?"

"Papa" Jung looked with amazement at his little dark-haired, dark-eyed daughter, and said: "Scrub your hands and go home."

Time marched on. "Papa" Jung must have been prognostic. For today, Hannchen (now Hannah) Jung is considered one of America's foremost authorities on the mechanics of motorcycles. Racers, hill-climbers — even off-duty cops — rely on Hannah to get the bugs out of their bikes. So, when I went to the Butler-Smith Trading Corporation in New York's crowded West 83rd Street to talk with Hannah, I expected to meet an Amazon. Instead, I found a pretty girl with flashing eyes, black, close-cropped hair, and a sweet smile. Hannah, head of the mechanical department of the corporation, is five-feet-five-inches, weighs 120 pounds, but can wrestle a 450-pound motorcycle as if it were a butterfly. And, as I later learned, she can ride with the wind at 100 miles an hour.

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There's an old superstition around race tracks that some men can talk to horses. But it's legend at Butler-Smith that motorcycles talk to Hannah!

HANNAH was born in Lauf, outside Nuremberg, April 8, 1924. Her father, Emil Jung, had a small motorcycle shop. She had no brothers or sisters and consequently "from as far back as I can remember, had my fun in the shop, messing around with things." She went to school until she was 14 years old. "My father was a Social-Democrat, and very anti-Hitler, but at the age of 14 I did what all the other boys and girls were doing — I enlisted in the Hitler Youth Movement." Hannah covered her face with her hands, seemingly in shame.

"Where?" I asked, "Did you get such big hands?"

"From the Hitler Youth Movement," she answered.

"How?"

"Soon after I joined the Girl's Service I was sent to a farm where I worked without pay, for more than a year. I was nursemaid to 40 cattle. I plowed the fields, in the old-fashioned way, without machinery. I washed the pots and pans, peeled the potatoes, did all the menial jobs. I thought I would die. Youth? They used to say to me: 'Your name means *young*.' "

Eventually, a disillusioned Hannah was returned to her parents. She went to work in her father's shop. But not for long. Her father was in difficulties with the police "for lack of cooperation," and her uncle, Hans Jung, had been sent away to a concentration camp. Hannah was sent to Poland for another labor service, where for months she worked in the fields, without pay. "This time," she told me, "I got smart. I decided to make the most of it. Getting smart was better than having your back smart from a whip. I became a leader. I had charge of a large division of girls, aged 10 to 14. I directed them, and I taught them how to avoid all my earlier mistakes. I think maybe I taught them something about freedom, for, even at that early age, I was beginning to dream."

Hannah began to work her way up. In 1944, she was sent to the Western Front in charge of 300 boys between the ages of 15 and 17. She began to get into trouble "over stupid orders." She refused to march "her boys" ten miles there and ten miles back for physical examinations after she learned the doctor would not be there that day — Sunday. For this, she was court-martialed, stripped of her rank and returned to Lauf. Her father had died, but her mother was alive, and she decided to reopen her father's shop. She, and her mother and uncle, were in bad repute with the Nazi party. Hannah expected to be jailed, but nothing happened for a long time and then, in March, 1945, she was ordered to report in Nuremberg.

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"I appeared before a board of military inquiry in Nuremberg," Hannah said. "The general told me I was guilty of insubordination. He added that my deceased father was suspect, that my uncle Hans was in a concentration camp, and that I would have to prove myself. He ordered me drafted into the anti-aircraft force. I was sent to Linz, Austria, where I served with the 38th Anti-Aircraft Regiment, banging away at Allied planes and hoping all the time a bomb would fall upon us. I was tired of it all."

General Patton's troops took Linz May 8, 1945, and Hannah became a POW. She was released in July, returned home, and after questioning by the CIC about her activities in the Hitler Youth Movement, reopened her father's motorcyle shop.

"There was no stock, no parts," she said. "But I had good hands and a small lathe. From junk I could make parts. In the winter months, I worked in a motorcycle factory in Nuremberg, where I earned a living and had the run of the place, studying engineering and designing. I think I should tell you this: Because of the behavior of the American occupation troops I became in love with America! What nice people! Then I met a wonderful girl, June Selsor, wife of Major Mark Selsor of the U.S. Army. We became fast friends, and they assisted me in coming to America. I arrived in New York October 28, 1951."

Hannah didn't know a soul, but she found her way to her American friends, Major and Mrs. Selsor, in Kentucky, visited with them for a time, and returned to New York "to strike out on my own." She arrived on a Sunday, and by Wednesday was at work in a medical supply house. Then she started buying motorcycle magazines, studied them and one day telephoned Alfred Bondy, president of Butler-Smith. Bondy speaks German (and Hannah speaks good English) and she was hired. She went back to her old love — motorcycle engines.

Now she rides a black German imported job from her apartment on West 14th Street, to 83rd Street, and back again, and on week ends, rides it all over the countryside with other bike enthusiasts. Last year, she went to Europe on business for her company. "I was given a month to transact the business," she told me. "But I finished the job in a week and was so homesick for America I came back at once."

"What's the most fascinating part of your work?"

"Listening to people telling me what's wrong. A noise here, a noise there. So what happens? I take it out, ride it, and find out for myself. Ninety percent of the customers are wrong!"

"Can you talk to motorcycles?"

Hannah's eyes danced.

"No, they talk to me."

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The American Concept

BY HENRY G. RITER, 3RD

THE Founding Fathers of our country came from many creeds and many countries, but they were fundamentally religious by nature. They put the phrase, "In God We Trust," on every coin they minted, and their institutions, whether religious, political or individual, bore the unmistakable stamp of Freedom.

This American concept of individual freedom has blood and substance. It is the right of the buyer to go to the market and shop for what he wants, to reject the products of one manufacturer and turn to another, to buy or not to buy at all. It means the right of the housewife to go to town for bacon and come home with a new hat, if she wants to and feels that she can escape her husband's righteous indignation. The housewife's profit motive is the bargain she looks for when she goes marketing.

The American concept is the American worker's right to change his job — even to quit and go fishing, if he chooses — or to strive to be the manager, and put in all the time he wants to in the evening to learn the business. His profit motive is the advancement that he seeks.

The American concept is the right of the investor, large or small, to risk his capital, and to increase it if possible. It is the right to win or lose — to retain what he gains, or to seek greater returns. His profit motive is financial gain.

The American concept is the right of management to build a company, to plow earnings back into business, to develop better tools and to promote greater production which in return regenerates the economic cycle. Management's profit motive is progress and achievement.

The American concept offers the individual the freedom to choose his own course of action, rather than benevolent guidance along a course chosen for him by others. It offers the individual the opportunity to seek whatever values he desires, in whatever way he desires. It then offers the individual the reward for his own successes or imposes the penalty for his own failures.

This atmosphere of individual freedom and individual responsibility is for Americans the most natural and most coveted environment. In practice it is also the most successful and most dynamic social system yet devised.

— *From* So People May Prosper, *a recent study by the National Assn. of Manufacturers.*

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The WHAT and HOW of COMMUNIST FRONTS

By J. B. Matthews

ALTHOUGH almost everybody has heard of Communist-front organizations at some time during the past seventeen years, few people know anything about their origin, their tactical importance, or how they differ from other organizations which go to make up the total Communist apparatus.

The greatest confusion exists on two important points. Almost no writer on the subject of Communism appears to know the difference between the *united-front* tactic of the Communists which was applied during the period 1928–1935 on the one hand, and the *Communist-front* tactic which was applied subsequent to the Seventh World Congress of the Communist International of 1935 on the other hand.

Another point of misunderstanding is to be found in the widely held view that *Communist-front* organizations are something less than Communist, a kind of medium for *bona fide* liberal sentiments.

Closely related to this second point of misunderstanding is the fact that the *Communist-front* organization takes on greatly added importance during periods when the Communist Party goes underground. The *Communist-front* organization then becomes the principal interim apparatus for contact between the underground conspiracy of disciplined Communists and the general public.

The complexities and intricacies of the Communist conspiracy's structure have been designed purposely to make understanding of its operations on the part of the general public exceedingly difficult.

One of the most widely believed myths about Communist operations is that ex-Communist Party members are experts *per se* on the subject. This myth has been fostered by the fact that a mere handful of ex-Party members have contributed so greatly to our knowledge and understanding. Perhaps a few hun-

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dred at most have possessed both the moral courage *and* the information to be of any real service to their country in this respect. Certainly they are the rare exceptions to the rule. It has been estimated conservatively that a half million Americans are ex-Communist Party members. They are a silent and anonymous lot.

One of the reasons why the vast majority of this sizable army of ex-Communists have remained silent is that they were not members of the Party long enough or on a sufficiently high level of conspiratorial activity to learn anything of importance about the total apparatus.

Another, and equally significant, reason for the silence of these half million ex-Communists may be found in the fact that most Communist Party members learn something of the techniques of character assassination to which the ex-Communist-who-talks may be and usually is subjected by the Party, its fellow travelers, and that large company of nondescript individuals who are *reached* by the Party's propaganda.

"Renegade," "stool pigeon," and "informer" are only a few of the words of ugly connotation with which the Communist Party frightens thousands of its ex-members into silence.

The few ex-Communists who have dared raise their voices in an effort to educate the American public on the nature and tactics of Communists have not been sufficient in number to bring about any widespread enlightenment.

Among the important items of information for professional groups in particular is the origin and history of the Communist-front apparatus.

ORIGIN OF THE FRONTS

The place, needless to say, was Moscow; the date August 2, 1935; and the occasion, the gathering of the Seventh World Congress of the Communist International, which incidentally was the last. Seven years had elapsed since the Sixth Congress met in Moscow in 1928.

The long delayed meeting of the Seventh World Congress whetted the expectancy of Communists all over the world. Obviously something new was in the making.

On August 2, 1935, therefore, Moscow put on its best synthetic show of the holiday spirit, the peculiar characteristic of which was always the ubiquitous picture of Stalin sharply contrasting in its size with the reality of his diminutive stature.

Thousands of delegates converged on the Hall of Columns in the heart of the city. Dressed in the garb of their respective races and nationalities, these well-fed professional revolutionists had come from the ends of the earth. Some of them have since risen to power in their own countries. Mao Tse-tung was there, fresh from leading his Red Army on the "long march" of 6,000 miles from Kiangsi Province to Yenan,

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and with him was Chou En-lai, destined within less than a score of years to command the power or the bluff to set the leaders of the Western world back on their heels.

Some of the delegates, also dreaming like Mao and Chou of the day of their Bolshevik power, have since gone to the gallows or faced firing squads at the order of comrades who sat with them in the Hall of Columns in Moscow twenty years ago.

If the American Communists had any dreams of power as they walked to that historic session of the Seventh Congress, they have been rudely dashed to the ground. William Z. Foster took his seat on the platform only three seats removed from the ineffable Stalin himself. In the vast audience were Earl Browder, then apparently holding a life tenure as general secretary of the Communist Party in the United States; James W. Ford, Alabama Negro, one-time candidate for the vice-presidency on the Communist ticket; Gil Green, then head of the Young Communist League in the United States, now a fugitive from a long prison sentence; and Sam Darcy, who took the platform in Moscow during the Congress to make a fiery speech about an insurrectionary uprising of seamen on the West Coast of the United States, and now expelled from the Party as a deviationist.

Despite what has happened to them since August 2, 1935, the American delegates listened attentively and understood clearly the new tactical orientation outlined to them at the Seventh Congress, and led the American Communist Party of the United States long enough afterwards to enable them to put it into effect.

The Seventh World Congress of the Communist International had been in session a week when the morning of August 2nd arrived. The day was to be the day of climax for the entire Congress, the unveiling of the new tactical orientation. Chosen as Stalin's mouthpiece for the occasion was Georgi Dimitroff, recently freed from prison in Germany where he had been the principal defendant in Hitler's Reichstag fire trial, and newly elected head of the Communist International.

FINALLY, the great moment came. Dimitroff was presented to the delegates with a long-winded speech by Wilhelm Pieck, German Communist leader. Communist speeches are notoriously long, and Dimitroff's lasted four hours.

In the middle of the speech came the burden of the new tactical orientation. In cold type, it is not sensational; but, as it has been carried out in practice during the intervening years, its consequences have weighed heavily upon the lives and reputations of thousands of Americans. In three brief sentences, Dimitroff spelled it out. "Comrades," he said, "you remember the ancient tale of the capture of Troy.

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Troy was inaccessible to the armies attacking her, thanks to her impregnable walls. And the attacking army, after suffering many sacrifices, was unable to achieve victory until with the aid of the famous Trojan Horse it managed to penetrate to the very heart of the enemy's camp."

Thus simply was the Communist-front directive announced. All assembled knew the command was Stalin's.

"We revolutionary workers," said Dimitroff, rousing the delegates to a high pitch of enthusiasm, "should not be shy about using the same tactics . . ." And shy they have not been.

Dimitroff served notice of what would happen to any comrade who failed to appreciate his call for adoption of the Trojan Horse tactic. "He who fails to understand the necessity of using such tactics," declared the comrades' hero of the Reichstag fire trial, ". . . is a windbag and not a revolutionary . . ."

Again and again in the course of his speech, Dimitroff warned his hearers to abandon the sectarianism which had characterized the tactics of the Communist Parties during the years 1928–1935, the kind of sectarianism which indulged in "bare appeals and abstract propaganda." The sectarianism which had made a fetish of "the dictatorship of the proletariat," he explained, was not consonant with the new tactical orientation illustrated by the Trojan Horse. He warned emphatically against "high-sounding phrases on the revolutionary perspective" and "revolutionary phrase mongering." He reminded the delegates that Marx had said, "We must take things as we find them . . .," which meant that, if the people were interested in anti-fascist struggles, the Communist Parties must set up anti-fascist organizations for them. If the people were interested in peace, civil liberties, or democracy, the Communist Parties must set up organizations with names and pretended objectives corresponding to the people's interests. In this way, non-Communist masses would be set in motion, with a resulting broadened base upon which to build the revolutionary Communist movement.

On August 20, 1935, the Seventh World Congress ended with a final speech by Dimitroff. "Ours," he told the delegates, "has been a Congress of *a new tactical orientation for the Communist International.*" [Italics in the stenographic transcript of Dimitroff's speech.] The installment of an elaborate system of Communist-front organizations was not, Dimitroff made it clear, to change in the slightest way the basic tenets and objectives of international Communism. If the modern Trojans in America and elsewhere wished to believe that the pretty "horse" drawn into their midst was an innocent contraption, that was their bad luck.

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As for the Communists, Dimitroff reiterated their global mission in his peroration which rang down the curtain on the Seventh World Congress. "With Stalin at their head," he shouted, "the millions of our political army, overcoming all difficulties and courageously breaking through all barriers, must and will level to the ground the fortress of capitalism and achieve the victory of socialism throughout the whole world!"

Footnote from the transcript: "(In a lengthy ovation Stalin and Dimitroff were greeted as the leaders of the world Communist movement.)"

WHAT WILLI MUENZENBERG SAID

It is sometimes alleged that Willi Muenzenberg, a leading tactician of the Communist movement, was the father of the Communist-front organization. He was the grandfather, perhaps; but the father, not.

In a speech delivered at the Sixth World Congress of the Communist International, on July 20, 1928, Muenzenberg spoke of the masses of non-Party workers "who have not yet mustered the courage to take the final step and join the Communist Party, but who are nevertheless in sympathy with the Communist movement and are prepared to follow us part of the way."

It is obvious that Muenzenberg was not even remotely dreaming of ensnaring leading members of bourgeois society who thought of themselves as anti-Communists. He was thinking of members of the proletariat, so called, who knew at least something about the nature and aims of Communism and Communist Party membership, but who were not quite ready to accept the responsibilities of the latter. By the wildest stretch of his imagination, Muenzenberg could not envision the day when large numbers of high church dignitaries, the heads of government departments, college and university presidents, motion picture stars in the top-bracket income group, and the famous and near-famous of other professions and branches of bourgeois society would be drawn into organizations and activities so cleverly planned that otherwise intelligent people would be led to give powerful support to the Communist movement *without knowing it.*

Willi Muenzenberg's united-front or mass-organization conception *plus* Georgi Dimitroff's Trojan Horse tactic resulted in the Communist-front system. With that understanding alone, Muenzenberg was the grandfather of the Communist front. In his theory of mass organizations, he formulated some of the objectives which were later to be achieved successfully on a much wider scale by the Dimitroff-announced fronts.

In Muenzenberg's mass organizations or united fronts, there was no deception. The face of the Communist Party was not hidden. In-

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ternational headquarters, as in the case of such organizations as the International Labor Defense, the Workers International Relief, and the Anti-Imperialist League, were often located right in Moscow — a fact which was widely publicized by the organizations themselves.

The leading officers of the mass organizations were almost always avowed Communist Party members, but at least they were wholly dependable fellow travelers who did not hide their Communist sympathies.

Some of the Muenzenberg-conceived mass organizations survived long into the period of the Communist fronts — the International Workers Order and the International Labor Defense, for example.

THE American Youth Congress presents an example of an organization which began as a *united-front* organization in the summer of 1934, and then was transformed — after the Seventh World Congress of the Communist International — into a *front* organization. The organization was originally called by a young woman named Viola Ilma whom the Communists called a person of "fascist tendencies." When the delegates assembled, a coalition of young Communists and young Socialists promptly took complete control. In his report to the Central Committee of the Communist Party, September 5–6, 1934, Earl Browder boasted openly of the success of this *united-front* strategy. Two years later, the young Communists had disposed of the young Socialists, and the American Youth Congress became a full-fledged Communist front. The Communists no longer boasted of their control, but vehemently denied it.

The American League Against War and Fascism began as a *united-front* organization in the fall of 1933. Communists, Socialists, and pacifists participated openly in its formation. In this instance, too, Browder boasted of his Party's control of the organization. In his speech to the Central Committee, he made the highly significant statement: "Already on August 1 (1934) in San Francisco the Party broke through the terror, holding an open public meeting under the auspices of the American League Against War and Fascism . . ."

In November 1937, the organization ceased to be a *united front*. It changed its name to American League for Peace and Democracy, and thereafter operated as a *front* organization. In the transition from a *united front* to a *front*, Earl Browder took the platform and announced the formal withdrawal of the Communist Party from the League.

It should be noted with some emphasis that the term *Communist front* is applied to a Communist enterprise by anti-Communists or non-Communists only. The term has derogatory connotations, and is never used by Communists themselves to designate any of their or-

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ganizations or other enterprises. Terms used by the Communists have included *united front*, *people's front*, *popular front*, and *democratic front;* but, in these, the word *front* has a very different meaning, denoting a coalition of Communists and non-Communists or a solid battle line moving against some foe. The word *front* in the designation *Communist front* means a deceptive façade.

STRATEGIC IMPORTANCE OF FRONTS

To many, the Communist-front organization or enterprise is something *less* than Communist or at least a much milder form of the virus, as it were; and to aid or support it is, therefore, to be considerably less implicated in Communist activity than to hold membership in the Communist Party. It is not sufficiently well understood that many of the most effective supporters of the Communist movement do their work for it entirely outside the so-called discipline of Communist Party membership. A prominent supporter of the Communist-front apparatus may, in given instances, aid the Communist conspiracy in more subtle and important ways than a hundred rank-and-file Communists who pay dues to the Party. More and more, as the cadres of the Communist Party go deeper underground, the Communist fronters become the principal agents of Communist propaganda.

If the chief conspirators of the Communist movement did not consider the Communist-front apparatus of the greatest strategic importance, they would not devote so much time and energy to its operations, ceaselessly organizing fronts for this and for that on local, regional, and national levels. A conspiratorial group of limited personnel must husband its revolutionary resources.

A Communist-front organization or enterprise is as much an integral part of the total Communist movement as the Communist Party itself, or a Communist training school, or a Communist publication, or even a Communist espionage cell. No one of these arms of the Communist conspiracy is necessarily more important at all times than the others. They differ in their functions, but not in their status as revolutionary weapons.

The belief that ultimate control of the entire revolutionary apparatus resides in the Communist Party ignores the established fact that the real boss of the movement in any given country is an individual whose dictatorial power is not necessarily related to any title which he may hold within the organizational structure of the Party but in turn derives solely from the whimsical and irresponsible pleasure of the man who happens to be on top in Moscow.

In the pre-Soviet days of Communist theorizing, the "dictatorship of the proletariat" was considered a basic concept of the revolution. In

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Soviet practice, it was discarded at the beginning. The Communist Party as the "vanguard of the proletariat" was another myth dear to the hearts of the theorizers. The politburo as the "general staff" also went the way of all Marxist superstitions. The logic of a one-class society and a one-party political system leads inexorably to a one-man dictator. Failure to recognize this actuality of Communist practice has supported the mistaken idea that the Communist Party as vanguard of the revolutionary proletariat is more important than the Communist-front apparatus and ought, therefore, to be subjected to more thorough-going investigation, fuller exposure, and more stringent legislation.

This mistaken conception that the Communist conspiracy begins and ends with the Party accounts for the greater responsibility or culpability attributed to Party membership over affiliation with other organizations which are also parts of the total apparatus. With all due respect to its Congressional authors who were apparently poorly advised, it should be noted that this mistaken conception has been embodied in the Internal Security Act of 1950, in the distinction which is drawn between Communist-action organizations on the one hand and Communist-front organizations on the other — a distinction which does not remotely correspond to any realities.

It is little short of ludicrous to find (as the Subversive Activities Control Board recently found in accordance with the provisions of the Internal Security Act) that the Jefferson School of Social Science is a Communist-front organization. This Communist Party training school has none of the distinctive characteristics of a Communist front. It is headed and staffed by known and admitted Communists and, without any attempt at concealment, teaches whatever goes as the current line of the Communist Party. It flaunts no impressive list of non-Communist notables as its sponsors. It does not pretend to be what it is not. If a known Communist teaching Communism in a Communist school isn't Communist action, we are booby-trapped in semantics. This is not said in criticism of the Subversive Activities Control Board; it must administer the statute as written.

CONGRESSIONAL committees run the risk of conveying a distorted or wholly inadequate picture of what the Communists are doing in the United States by concentrating on witnesses who invoke the Fifth Amendment when asked about Communist Party membership, and by neglecting to summon the so-called notables who give indispensable aid to the Communist-front apparatus without endangering their careers and reputations by joining the Communist Party. The inform-

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ative function of Congressional inquiries was best exhibited in the public hearings before the Senate Subcommittee to Investigate the Administration of the Internal Security Act on the history and activities of the Institute of Pacific Relations. The educational value of this particular investigation was due in no small part to the fact that most of the witnesses were not Party members and did not invoke the Fifth Amendment.

When a Congressional committee puts a janitor on the witness stand in open public session, not because of his importance as a supporter of the Communist movement, but for the sole reason that he invokes the Fifth Amendment; and then hears in closed executive session a nationally prominent professor who has done incomparably more for the Communist movement than the janitor, simply because the professor does not invoke the Fifth Amendment — the public is denied the information and education to which it is entitled.

It is unfortunately a common error to ascribe conscious disloyalty to all Communist Party members on the one hand, and to ascribe nothing more than misguided idealism to all supporters of the Communist-front apparatus on the other. There are unwitting dupes, as well as witting subverters, among both Party members and fronters.

In the case of the overwhelming majority of professional groups — educators, clergymen, lawyers, artists, novelists, and the like — who have been affiliated in one way or another with the Communist movement in the United States, the Communist-front apparatus has been their only point of contact.

Conspiracy, espionage, and sabotage have not figured consciously in the activities of the vast majority of the members of any group who have given aid to the Communist movement in this country, whether as members inside the Party or as collaborators outside the Party. Agitation and propaganda are the areas of activity in which both Party members and non-Party collaborators are found most useful by those who direct the operations of the Communist movement. This is not, of course, to overlook the fact that many of those who are willing to aid the Communist apparatus have been and are, potentially if not actually, agents of Soviet espionage.

In any stage of the revolutionary schedule, when the general propagation of an idea or a viewpoint considered favorable to some immediate objective of the Communist conspiracy is assigned paramount importance, it is the so-called intellectual who must be called upon for strategic aid. These intellectuals are often, if not always, utilized in the Communist-front apparatus, not as members of the Communist Party. Under the same circumstances on the other hand, the manual laborer

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whose opinion-making role in society is of minimal significance is of little or no use to the Communist movement, even though he is a Party member.

DECEITFULNESS OF FRONTS

Clergymen and educators, whose integrity in the pursuit of truth is supposed to be of a purer mold than that of most mortals, present a striking incongruity when they support the fraud of the fronts.

The essence and most distinctive characteristic of the Communist-front organization is its deceitfulness.

Behind an often impressive façade of non-Communist notables who serve as sponsors, signers, or non-functioning officers of a front organization lurk unseen directors, manipulators, and functioning executives who are agents of the Communist conspiracy. For its deceptive purposes, a clergyman is the ideal national chairman of a Communist front; and the record discloses that at least a score of the Party's front organizations have been headed by clergymen.

Behind the title of a front organization coils a conspiratorial reality which strikes savagely at the ideals of those who neglect to immunize their humanitarian impulses with sound judgment and a healthy skepticism.

Behind announced objectives which may be wholly praiseworthy lie unannounced and shrewdly concealed aims which are calculated to advance — however slightly — the cause of the Communist conspiracy.

Up against the masters of deception, the sentimental liberal is a babe in arms.

The conspiring totalitarian entices the unsuspecting humanitarian into his web, and fattens on the gullibility of his victim. The spider-and-fly analogy is weak at one point: the humanitarian cannot be held altogether blameless for his credulity.

The Communist-front organization, to change the figure once more, is a whited sepulchre, outwardly beautiful but full of dead bones within. The façade belies the interior.

No more succinct statement of the deceitfulness of the Communist-front organization has been written in official documents than that which appeared in the U. S. Supreme Court brief of the Department of Justice in its case for the deportation of Harry Bridges, in May 1942. The brief said: "Testimony on front organizations showed that they were represented to the public for some legitimate reform objective, but actually used by the Communist Party to carry on its activities, pending the time when the Communists believe they can seize power . . ."

When attention is called to the support they have given the Communist-front apparatus, many notables seem to think they are being accused of harboring Communist sympathies and reply with great indignation that they are *not* Com-

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munists. Far from proving that they are Communists, the presence of their names on the sponsors' list of a Communist front is substantial, though not necessarily conclusive, evidence to the contrary. When the sponsors of an organization or the signers of a petition are predominantly Communists, proof is conclusive that the enterprise is *not* a front. In order to be a front, that is, to perpetrate a deception, an organization's group of supporters must be composed predominantly of non-Communists and preferably of those who think of themselves as anti-Communists.

A LOOK at a list of sponsors, chosen at random, will convey the facts and the gravity of Communist-front deceptions much more clearly than generalities about them.

The list of sponsoring notables of the United States Arrangements Committee for the World Youth Conference which was convened in London is typical of the thousands of such lists. The World Youth Conference formally launched the youth arm of the international Communist movement under the name of the World Federation of Democratic Youth. Listed at the top as one of the honorary patrons of this important branch of the international Communist conspiracy was the name of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. Listed as sponsors, following Mrs. Roosevelt's name, were: three members of the U. S. House of Representatives — Emanuel Celler, Helen Gahagan Douglas, and Emily Taft Douglass; three U. S. Senators — Harley M. Kilgore, Claude Pepper, and Robert F. Wagner; three university presidents — Frank P. Graham, University of North Carolina, Charles S. Johnson, Fisk University, and Philip C. Nash, University of Toledo; three Protestant Episcopal bishops — Henry Knox Sherrill, G. Ashton Oldham, and Arthur Moulton; three distinguished rabbis — Stephen S. Wise, Israel Goldstein, and David De Sola Pool; three well-known musicians — Leonard Bernstein, Frank Sinatra, and William Feinberg. All of these eminent individuals were non-Communists; and yet they constituted a clear majority of all the sponsors. The youth leader of this committee, Mrs. Harold A. Fletcher, Jr., was a secret member of the Communist Party. Mrs. Fletcher's given name was Martha.

Martha Fletcher became the chairman of the Communist cell of which Herbert Philbrick was a member. According to Philbrick, Martha was "beautiful and charming" and presided over this cell of conspirators "with the warmth of her personality and the vibrancy of her youth." At one cell meeting, according to Philbrick, Martha "told us that we must be prepared for civil disobedience which would turn to revolt if a severe economic crisis struck the country, or if the capitalist world embarked on an imperialist

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war which could be converted into a civil war." Philbrick reported Martha's exact words to the FBI. Concluding her speech to the cell, she said: "Furthermore, we should arm the workers for [civil war], and we should arm them now."

Such was the call to treason, issued to her fellow conspirators by "a brilliant, persuasive, and bewitching young woman" who was known to the public and to the religious world in particular as an associate director of American Unitarian Youth. Such were the treasonous purposes of the World Youth Conference, unwittingly sponsored in the United States by members of Congress, bishops and rabbis, university presidents and famous musicians. Such is a brief look at the outside and the inside of a unit of the Communist-front apparatus: the names of truly notable Americans whitening the exterior of the sepulchre, while treason dwelt in the dark and dank interior.

If it is true that most of the distinguished members of professional groups aid and abet the Communist-front apparatus as dupes, what — one may ask — is the advantage gained by the Communists? Among the many advantages — such as the prestige gained for one of its propaganda campaigns — the Communists are able to chalk up a psychological victory of tremendous importance. The ecclesiastical or academic dupe — or any other prominent dupe for that matter — thereafter becomes an enemy of all anti-Communists who expose the deceitfulness of the Communist-front tactic and the dupe's gullibility in falling for it. True, the dupe has not been won to Communism; but he has been won to anti-anti-Communism, and that is a major revolutionary triumph for the conspirators.

Furthermore, the dupe's friends — especially those of his own profession — feel called upon to shield him from the embarrassment of his folly, and they, too, join the ranks of the anti-anti-Communists. For every preacher or professor who has been enlisted as a dupe in the Communist-front movement, there are at least ten others who will rally to his defense against exposure. Thus, under the covering fire of the anti-anti-Communists, the legions of subversion march to victory over the forces of freedom.

The statistics on this point are striking. Out of more than eight thousand clergymen who have been duped into supporting one or more of the innumerable Communist-front enterprises of the past seventeen years, *only one* — according to painstaking research — has stood up publicly and said, "I was a dupe."

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Who's a SISSY?

BY COLONEL JOHN V. GROMBACH

ARE WE Americans getting soft? Individually and as a nation, can we be insulted or bullied more than in the past? Can our friends count on us beyond the talking stage?

Name-calling is commonplace, but what happens then? As far as the U. S. Government is concerned, a slap on the wrist by the Executive Branch or censure or condemnation by Congress may follow.

In 1953, Senator Joseph McCarthy was censured for calling a colleague an "old goat" and a group of colleagues "innocent handmaidens," and for other conduct allegedly unbecoming to a Senator and a gentleman, whether or not engaged in protecting the United States from the Communist world conspiracy.

In 1818, however, a man with a somewhat similar name, John McCarty, was neither arrested nor censured for shooting to death U. S. Senator A. T. Mason of Virginia. In fact, Mason's death was never even announced formally on the floor of the Senate.

General A. T. Mason got into a name-calling bee with his cousin, McCarty, arising from Mason's questioning of McCarty's right to vote at Leesburg. The name-calling wound up in a duel. Each party challenged the other many times with considerable maneuver as to who would chose weapons and prescribe the terms. McCarty's suggestions were a fight with pistols at a three-foot distance, a combat with firearms while both parties sat on barrels of gunpowder, or a hand-to-hand battle with razor-edge dirks. These were all rejected as without precedent. Finally McCarty proposed muskets

Colonel John V. Grombach, former West Point athlete and Olympic competitor in boxing, dueling sword and dueling pistol, once held an unofficial world's record for the U. S. Army bayonet course. If dueling were the custom of our day, he would be a good man to avoid.

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loaded with buckshot at ten feet. This was accepted and, amidst a furious snow storm, great crowds headed to Bladensburg to witness this notorious encounter. At the word, both fired. McCarty's arm was blasted off. Mason fell dead instantly.

One of the last formal duels at the Capitol occurred in April 1826, between, believe it or not, the Secretary of State and a Senator from Virginia.

Henry Clay, Secretary of State for John Quincy Adams, was accused by Senator John Randolph of Virginia of selling Cabinet posts. After Randolph had bitterly critized President Adams and his Secretary of State for accepting an invitation from the proposed Panama Congress, Clay's friend, General Jessup, inquired as to whether Randolph could be held accountable. Randolph, notwithstanding his immunities as a Senator, stated he would give Mr. Clay a gentleman's satisfaction.

On April 8, 1826, at 4:30 P.M., the principals and their seconds arrived at the appointed Virginia field of honor just above Little Falls Bridge. The site was chosen away from Bladensburg in deference to Randolph, who wanted to be on home grounds if he fell. Randolph wore unusual garb for the duel — a white flannel dressing gown — but the weapons were more customary — smooth-bore pistols, at ten paces. When the word was given, both fired simultaneously — notwithstanding Randolph's previous intention not to fire. Both men missed.

Another round was exchanged, with Clay's bullet passing through Randolph's dressing gown. Randolph, on the other hand, fired into the air. With outstretched hand, Randolph approached Clay, saying smilingly, "You owe me a dressing gown, Mr. Secretary."

"I am glad the debt is no greater," answered Clay and so happily ended a duel between a Senator and a member of the President's Cabinet.

THE COMBATIVE spirit in the U. S. years ago was considerably more explosive than it is today. In 1816, two top American lawyers and politicians were counselors for opposing sides in a case before the Circuit Court of St. Louis. The final pleas to the jury were being presented. In gaudy, dogmatic style, Colonel Tom Benton asserted that, since the evidence was as he had presented it, the jury must decide as he asked.

"If you assert that, you assert what is not true," said Charles Lucas. The jury found for Lucas' client.

"A duel with whatever weapons you choose," demanded the Colonel.

"I will not," wrote Lucas to the irascible Benton, "allow my actions at the bar to be called to account privately."

Later, on August 4, 1817, at the first election polls of the Missouri Territory, when Colonel Benton's vote was questioned by Lucas, the

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Colonel called Lucas a "puppy." This led to a duel on "Bloody Island" in the Mississippi River with smooth-bore pistols, eleven inches long, at 30 feet. Lucas got a bullet through his neck. Benton had his right knee nicked. Benton insisted he was not satisfied and demanded that Lucas continue the fight or promise to come out again when his wound healed.

They fought again, the second time at ten feet, instead of ten yards, by mutual consent. Benton was untouched but Lucas fell dead with a bullet in his heart.

On May 30, 1806, Andrew Jackson killed Charles Dickenson in a pistol duel on the Kentucky bank of the Red River, just over the Tennessee line. The meeting was at eight paces instead of the customary ten; the cause — rumors spread by Jackson's enemies that Dickenson was making disparaging remarks about Jackson's wife. The controversy hit the papers and Jackson issued a challenge. Dickenson was known as the best pistol shot in Tennessee, and was supposed to take Jackson.

However, General Tom Overton, Jackson's second, gave the word to fire so trickily and quickly that Dickenson squeezed his shot off too quickly. Jackson, relishing his revenge, lifted his pistol, took slow and deliberate aim, pulled the trigger — there was no shot. The seconds found that the pistol had stopped at the half-cock and Jackson was given permission to recock and fire. Coolly and cruelly, Jackson aimed and fired. His target doubled over and fell. Actually Jackson was dangerously wounded beneath the heart but he had concealed this, lest this prove some satisfaction to his opponent before he died. The killing of Dickenson did not prevent Jackson from becoming our seventh President.

REAL FIGHTS between members of Congress and the Executive Branch, without censure or condemnation, once were a sign of the virility and youth of this country. Rough fighting Congressmen and leaders of the U. S. Government, with their tough foreign policy, made us respected all over the world.

When Talleyrand and the French attempted to obtain $250,000 from us in 1797, the official U. S. policy as expressed by Congressman Robert G. Harper of South Carolina was "millions for defense but not a cent for tribute." "Not a penny," shouted Ambassador C. C. Pickney in an even less polite answer to the French offer to call off attacks on American shipping for a consideration.

In the rugged days of 1812, we even fought a war to prevent our ships from being impressed into the Royal British Navy. But today the President of the United States speaks of "extenuating circumstances" in connection with the shooting down of our planes by a foreign power.

What has happened to our old principles — and our old "fight?"

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Doings of a Democracy

✓ Raymond V. Hunter, of Charleston, South Carolina, had his pocket picked while he was visiting New York City but he considered he had the last laugh on the Yankee crook. The big roll of money he lost was made up of Confederate bills.

✓ When the starting fullback and center of the Southern Michigan Prison team were paroled, the penitentiary newspaper commented, "They will be sorely missed and very hard to replace."

✓ A Joliet, Illinois, woman went before the County Board of Review and asked for a reduction on her taxes on the grounds that she and her husband had just purchased a $30,000 home, a Cadillac and a lot of expensive home furnishings "and really couldn't afford to pay any taxes at all."

✓ Time stood still at the old county courthouse at Cadiz, Ohio. When merchants complained, after the county, as required by Ohio law, went on Daylight Saving Time, because it confused customers, the county commissioners just stopped the courthouse clock during the Daylight Saving Time period.

✓ Mayor Thomas S. Welsh of St. Clair Shores, Michigan, received a frantic phone call from a housewife: "I was bleaching my hair when the water went off. Turn it on or my hair will be gone in two hours." Mayor Welsh couldn't do that, since the water main was being repaired, but he dispatched a patrolman to the woman's house with a five-gallon can of water.

✓ When a private detective filed complaints against three Nashua, New Hampshire, used-car dealers, charging them with doing business on Sundays, the auto dealers had the private eye arrested for working on Sundays to obtain the information against them.

✓ Lester E. Briese, Galveston, Tex., shipyard manager, bet Mayor Herbert Y. Cartwright a steak dinner that a $6,000,000 bond issue to build a new bridge wouldn't pass. Every time the two men met they raised the number of steaks. The other day Mayor Cartwright got paid off — one whole cow.

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PENNIES *from* HEAVEN!

by
JEAN
CATHERINE
CONGER

A FEW MONTHS AGO a pilot nosed his plane over southern Florida. His plane carried no passengers — this was a "milk run." Suddenly the pilot saw a flaming light coming towards him, many times faster than any jet. The pilot blinked, and swerved the plane away from the flash. The swift burning object did not follow the plane; it kept its same path. It was then the pilot realized that he was not being attacked by some strange new weapon. He had just successfully dodged a shooting star!

Hundreds of people from Florida to Cuba saw the burning meteorite that fell sizzling into the Atlantic Ocean. Yet, hardly a hundred and fifty years ago, the fact that so many witnesses had seen it wouldn't have impressed the scientists. They just didn't believe that a shooting star could fall to earth.

"It is impossible that a stone could fall from heaven!" shouted the most learned of the eighteenth century. Then someone read a paper to the French Academy to prove it. The last word was always had by the Académie des Sciences. It was full of powdered wigs, tight knee breeches, and a skeptical attitude towards anything superstitious. And meteorites were treated with superstition. Pagans had worshipped rocks from the sky. As late as seventy years ago, a stone that fell in India was daily anointed and decked with flowers. No wonder early scientists were skeptical of these rocks.

But by the nineteenth century even the French Academy had to admit black stones were falling from somewhere. A swarm of meteorites hit the suburbs of Paris one night. Hundreds of people, including some of the Doubting-Thomas scientists, had seen them fall. Still the cautious decided that these rocks must have been part of the earth all along. They thought some volcano ages ago had tossed up meteorites so high that they were just falling to earth now. Other more daring scientists thought the moon's craters were shooting stones at us.

Man has come a long way in taking the mystery out of meteorites — these pennies from heaven; but he still can't say positively where they come from. Most scientists now believe that meteors are burnt-out tails of comets, and are traveling in the

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comet's old path until the earth bumps into them. But they can't always prove it. Dr. Lincoln La Paz, a tall and graying professor of meteoritics, believes differently. He thinks meteors are wandering visitors from the stars, from far beyond our solar system of moons and planets.

Of the eight hundred million shooting stars that strike the earth's atmosphere *every day*, only a few fall to the earth as meteorites. Most shooting stars are burnt up in the falling about sixty miles above us. Few rocks have ever struck people or buildings. Yet it has happened. Two thousand years ago, rocks from the sky made holes in the Chinese royal palace. In 1927, a little girl playing in Japan was nicked by a meteorite as it crashed to the ground.

A NUMBER of meteorites falling together can do almost as much damage as a small atom bomb. The fiery rocks that fell in Siberia at the beginning of this century scooped out an area of forest as large as the state of New Jersey. No one was killed in that remote region, but people fifty miles away from the point of impact were knocked unconscious. The fiery rocks themselves exploded on hitting the ground, and no trace of them has been found in the Siberian swamp.

Similarly, the exploding iron meteorites that dug almost a mile-wide hole in the limestone rocks of Arizona ages ago released so much energy that the rocks became vapor after striking the ground. The clouds of noxious sulphurous gases that hung over the Arizona flats showed what was possibly our first prehistoric atom bomb. The accompanying roar of a rock falling from the sky is like thunder, and can be heard for miles.

Iron meteorites (siderites) are the easiest to recognize when found on the ground. Stone meteorites (aerolites) often look too much like earth stones to attract attention. Most of these rocks are pear-shaped, and all have a thin, glossy black or dark gray crust from burning. A man in Pennsylvania has a meteorite containing gold.

Some contain diamonds. However, diamonds from meteorites are always black, and are not used commercially.

Every day the earth collects one more ton of the fallen shooting stars. A few are giants, like the stone found in southwest Africa weighing sixty tons. Most are fragments of a liftable size.

Dr. La Paz makes a modest bid for meteorites. For anyone sending a stone, or chip from a stone, that he thinks might be a meteorite, prepaid to him at the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque the professor performs the chemical tests free. If your stone is a meteorite, Dr. La Paz will pay you from two to five dollars a pound for it — depending on the size.

Anyone can collect on these pennies from heaven!

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Still No Joy in MUDVILLE

By A. F. Gonzalez, Jr.

"And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout;
But there is no joy in Mudville — mighty Casey has struck out."
— *Phin*

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YES, it's almost fall, World Series time again. Which makes it about as good a time as any to dwell for a moment on the greatest moment in baseball lore — Casey's final turn at bat, some 60-odd years ago.

For of all the paeans dedicated to the national sport, the epic — *Casey at the Bat* — concerning the strike out of the game's toughest batter, with two out, two on, and the home team down by two, ranks as the lone immortal. It has been turned into a Walt Disney film strip, dramatized on the stage, converted into an opera, televised, and lisped by an almost infinite number of gap-toothed school children since the year of its inception, 1888.

The world first read the opening stanza of *Casey* on June 3, 1888, when it appeared in both the San Francisco *Examiner* and the New York *Sun* over the by-line "Phin." Author of the 13 verses of hiccuping iambic pentameter was a young Harvard graduate, Ernest Lawrence "Phinney" Thayer, who had gravitated from his undergraduate writing days with the *Harvard Lampoon* to a cub reporter's position with the San Francisco daily then being edited by another young Cantab, William Randolph Hearst.

Thayer banged out the Mudville saga, spending "less than an hour" on it before turning the poem over to the crew on the *Examiner's* copy desk.

The poem's success proved to be sort of a Thayer-to-Hearst-to-Hopper double play . . . with Hearst in the pivot position. By publishing the Thayer poem in his daily and wiring a copy on to the New York *Sun*, he played the vital part of relaying this relatively obscure poem to the attention of the one — the only — DeWolf Hopper.

Casey's mighty strike out might have been just another whiff in history's scorebook except for DeWolf Hopper. Theatrical, bombastic, this lean dark thespian took the poem into his repertoire and played it to the galleries for 40 long years. It all started almost by accident. Hopper, while starring in *The Prince Mathuselum* at Wallack's Theater at Broadway and 30th Street, found himself in a bit of a situation.

The management had scheduled a special performance for — of all groups — the Chicago White Stockings and the New York Giant baseball nines. Desperate for an entr'acte that would appeal to the average taste of these brawny ballplayers, he was saved when a friend produced a tattered clipping from the *Sun*, which started with those never-to-be forgotten lines:

"The outlook wasn't brilliant for
the Mudville nine that day."

Hopper went "on" with the poem . . . and on, and on, and on, for four lucrative decades.

Thayer's poem made Hopper, and certainly the reverse was true.

The authorship of *Casey* was the

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major question mark in the poem's heritage. Did Thayer really write *Casey at the Bat*? At the zenith of the poem's popularity, this was a disputed point. Finally, Harvard's class of '85 employed a law firm to investigate the story of a George D'Vys of Cambridge, who claimed authorship, and the attorneys soon proved it just a long, foul ball. The claim of another pretender was thrown out even more quickly.

Another series of controversies developed over the question: Was there a real Casey? Harvardmen trumpeted that the 1885 Crimson nine was "the best we ever had" and that the hero was modeled after a college slugger. Others were sure that the real-life Casey was King Kelly, the Mickey Mantle of 1888.

FROM the welter of conjecture, surprisingly enough, there did appear a real Casey. He walked into a Washington, D. C., newspaper office one day in 1935 and announced that he, Dan Casey, 73 years old, was the 14-carat original.

"I was a left-handed pitcher for the Phillies," he reminisced. "I'd guess you'd call me the Hubbell of my time. We were playing the Giants in the old Philadelphia ball park on August 21, 1887. . . . It was the last of the ninth and New York was leading 4–3. Two men were out and there were runners on second and third. A week before I'd busted up a game with a lucky homer and they thought I could repeat."

Baseball men from all over the country showered this new hero with bounty, and the Baltimore Orioles and the Jersey City Giants arranged to re-stage that big moment in baseball lore, starring Dan Casey, as a prologue to one of their season's night games.

Rain dampened the occasion slightly, but more than 2,000 fans alternately "rattled the dell" with their cheers, or "let a sickly silence fall" as Baltimore coach Roger Hornsby lobbed two in-the-script strikes past the disdainful Casey. On the third pitch, however, Mudville's honor was avenged.

Blue eyes darting, septuagenarian Dan Casey tightened his hands around the bat and swung mightily at Hornsby's third pitch. Crack! . . . and the ball pattered softly back into the infield. "You've got to get used to these lights if you're going to hit," murmured Casey as he swaggered from the batter's box, "but I'll admit that Hornsby didn't have much on the ball." With this, Dan Casey, ballplayer, and 50 years a Binghamton, New York, trolley car conductor, passed back into obscurity.

Strangely enough, there has yet to appear a single claimant for the *hero's* role in this diamond drama — that of the "writhing pitcher" who "ground the ball into his hip" and without one wasted delivery, fired three fast strikes past the greatest slugger that baseball legendry has ever known.

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IRON CURTAIN RAISERS

▶ A Soviet building inspector, wearily making his rounds, came to a halt in front of a particularly run-down looking building. He summoned the superintendent. "This building looks as if it had never been repaired, Comrade," he announced sharply. "Right you are, Comrade Inspector," replied the super, "It's just been built."

▶ For quite a while two Polish women had been standing at the corner talking. Suddenly one glanced at her watch and exclaimed: "Oh, I must hurry home to dinner. Bye now."

"Why, when do you eat?" asked the other.

"On Tuesdays and Fridays," came the reply.

▶ The children were alone in their Moscow apartment. Said Ivan to Sonya: "I don't think Mother is a loyal Communist any more. I think I'll turn her in to the Secret Police."

"Oh, no, you don't," pleaded little Sonya, "let me turn in Mother — last week you turned in Father!"

▶ A gypsy was seized on the western frontier of Hungary just as he was about to cross into Austria. "Where are you headed?" asked the guard gruffly.

"Russia," explained the gypsy.

"But Russia is in the opposite direction, Austria lies this way."

"Well, Comrade, isn't that worth a little detour?"

▶ Two skeletons lay side by side on a Black Sea beach. Said the first, "I was first mate on a pirate ship that cruised these waters 300 years ago. In beautiful weather like this, I come here and warm my bones in the sun. Now tell me, who are you?"

Said the other skeleton, "I'm a Romanian worker on vacation."

— PAUL STEINER

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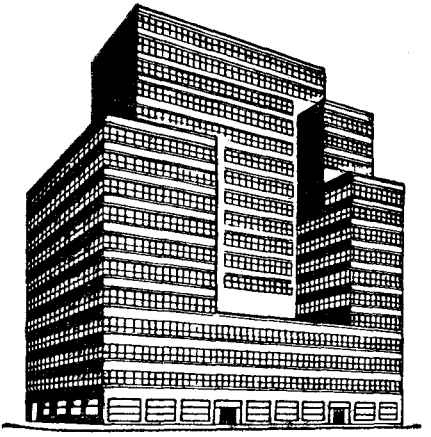
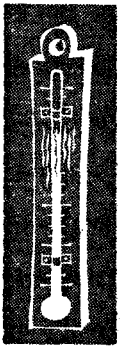
ADA: A Democratic Problem





By Ralph de Toledano

WHEN the Democratic Party holds its Presidential convention next summer, the sweating delegates will be forced to cope again with a group of hard-core troublemakers and crypto-Fabians which calls itself Americans for Democratic Action. This curious organization — collectivist in principle and unprincipled in politics — considers itself the "conscience" of the Democratic Party.

That it is a hair shirt few will dispute. For ADAers are cantankerous, doctrinaire in the worst sense, and fired with a zeal to take over the nation's majority party by driving out all conservative and right-of-center Democrats. Professional politicians, therefore, have begun to wonder out loud if ADA is worth in votes what it costs in the disruption of party equanimity. It is, they believe, a combination of the albatross and the Ancient Mariner rolled into one.

For ADA, like the Communists, insists on acting like "the man who came to dinner." With fewer than 45,000 members and an annual budget of about $200,000, it has infiltrated the top echelons of the Democratic Party, given an anti-anti-Communist slant to the party's thinking, and antagonized millions of voters. In its heyday, it controlled 77 members of Congress, a scattering of governors, and a strategic percentage of the Federal and state bureaucracy. It has used these forces to tremendous advantage, so that to many people it is hard to tell where this "nonpartisan" group ends and the Democratic Party begins.

Through such media as the New

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York *Post* (never give an anti-Communist an even break), the Washington *Post* (no Communists around here), radio Commentator Elmer Davis (no one is a Communist, you fascist), TV guide Edward R. Murrow (what security risks?), and a host of others in the communications field, ADA can mobilize public opinion and stir up passions out of all proportion to the issues involved. This has been a potent weapon in stifling opposition within and without the Democratic Party.

The future of ADA may well be settled at the 1956 convention. What action is taken there, however, may depend less on ADA's powers of persuasion and/or political blackmail, more on ADA's genesis, its record and its program. For all the liberal talk about America's soul, this nation has a stomach. And it may be that this stomach can no longer digest ADA's logic — or ADA's excuses for a laundered totalitarianism. A look at the documented facts will tell the story best.

IN 1947, the wartime honeymoon with the Soviet Union, sanctified by the New Deal and the Roosevelt idolaters, had come to a terrible end, and for a brief period of time anti-Communism was nonpartisan. Association with Communists and Sovieteers had an expensive price tag, and those who had frolicked in the Red mud were looking for a cleansing bath. Americans for Democratic Action was organized as a kind of purification rite for liberals. Francis Biddle, then ADA chairman, put it somewhat more turgidly:

"The ADA was largely founded to split from the liberal movement in America those elements of communism and fellow travelers which, in my opinion, certainly up to 1945 did great harm to the liberal movement by permitting, with some justice, the accusation of fellow travelers to be pinned on persons before the sheep and the goats had been separated."

The phrase "with some justice" remains to plague Biddle, for the current ADA line is that the Communists never had any toehold on the liberal movement in America. In 1947, however, it was clear that the liberals had to make a dramatic dissociation from the Communists — and ADA was the answer. Among the prime movers were such people as James A. Wechsler, now editor of the New York *Post*, who had been traveling a zig-zag course away from his prior Communist affiliation; Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, who separated sheep from goats by continuing to laud Howard Fast and by giving continuing aid and comfort to Communist fronts; Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., pundit in knee pants and Artful Dodger; Joseph Rauh, Jr., the ink still wet on a check for legal services rendered to Communist Poland; and a group of exiled New Dealers, labor people, ambitious politicians, and leftish newspaper columnists.

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With the wheels greased by labor funds (the United Auto Workers and other unions have given ADA some $500,000 of their members' money), and happy cries of "Li'l liberal git on board," the bandwagon began to roll — and as it rolled, Mr. Biddle's sheep jumped on. (In time, so did some of the goats, though the ADA indignantly denies this.) ADA served a useful purpose, for those who joined could say that they belonged to an "anti-Communist" organization. This somewhat overstated the case; in its early days ADA was satisfied with the claim that it represented the "non-Communist left" — and its anti-Communist acts since then have been precious few and far between. In time, the anti-Communist claim was slightly compromised by the loud plaudits of the *Daily Worker*.

FROM THE START, it was also clear that ADA's claims of nonpartisanship were as phony as its rhetoric. Though it protested its determination to support good men in either party, its hatred of Republicans was obvious. Equally apparent was its designs on the Democratic Party, into whose affairs the ADA plunged zealously. ADA loudly expressed its intention of keeping the New Deal alive — and Schlesinger, the group's ideologue-in-chief, frankly stated that the New Deal and socialism were virtually synonymous. Collectivism and the welfare state were the core of ADA's body of beliefs.

Though ADAers railed against those who called them socialists, this was merely political window-dressing. The fact, as *The Saturday Evening Post* reported in September 1952, was that at "the May meeting of ADA a resolution affirming belief in free and competitive enterprise was soundly beaten by a voice vote."

Further indications of this politico-economic bent can be found in a statement by Paul Appleby, New Deal economist and an ADA founder: "Nothing can be decentralized properly which has not first been centralized," a shockingly close approximation of the Marxist-Leninist tenet: First the dictatorship of the proletariat, then the withering-away of the state.

By the 1948 election, the ADA was rampaging over the Democratic Party. It had sought to stab President Truman in the back by dangling the Democratic nomination before General Eisenhower. When it became clear that Mr. Truman would be the Democratic candidate, ADA joined him with a rush. The ADAers engineered the 1948 showdown on civil rights which drove a group of Southern states out of the convention. Again in 1952, they imposed a "party line" on that year's convention, demanding an oath of party allegiance from all delegations.

During and between campaigns, the ADA fought vigorously for higher taxes, more government regulations,

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more controls, the expansion of Federal power over the states and over the individual who needs "the strength of his government to keep his head above water," subsidies for farmer and worker, and a ballooning bureaucracy — all in the name of liberalism.

On the key issue of our time, the ADA demonstrated its anti-Communism by fighting vigorously *against* the exposure of Communists, *against* the Smith Act trials of top Communist leaders, *against* the Truman loyalty program, and *against* Congressional investigation of Communism, but *for* investigation of Senator McCarthy. ADA, moreover, woke up screaming whenever the law approached a Communist, a spy, or a traitor. When the spy-perjurer William Remington received a temporary clearance (later rescinded), the *ADA World* hailed the event as a "major civil liberties victory."

Having pledged itself to "moral clarity," ADA joined in the smear attack on Elizabeth Bentley, a former Communist who exposed Remington. But when the true facts became a matter of court record, vindicating Miss Bentley, the ADA did not apologize to her for its calumnies — nor has its leadership made amends to its own membership.

Instead, ADA saved its fire until Attorney General Brownell told the story of Assistant Treasury Secretary Harry Dexter White, who was promoted by President Truman subsequent to detailed reports from the FBI outlining White's espionage activities. In ADA eyes, this long-delayed report to the American public on Democratic blundering made the U. S. "the laughing stock and despair of the entire free world" — a White herring as ridiculous as it was effective. Still separating sheep from goats, Mrs. Roosevelt stood up for another spy-perjurer, Alger Hiss, and never retracted the Communist-inspired smears of Whittaker Chambers which she had printed in her column. In the 1952 campaign, moreover, ADA was parent to Adlai Stevenson's sneers about searching for Reds in the "Bureau of Wildlife and Fisheries."

ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS, ADA's views were singularly divorced from American thinking or from that of most Democrats. During the Korean War, for example, ADA was clamoring for relief aid to Red China, which was supplying the arms which killed American troops. It was advising on the need for recognizing the Communist government of China as a "fact" but agitating against aid to Spain — obviously not a "fact." It was calling for "world government with powers adequate to prevent war."

What kind of world government, and how it would "prevent" war, remained a matter for conjecture. But it is curious that ADA has always plumped for General Marshall's peace methods in China — cutting off all military aid to the National-

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ists for eighteen months, thereby allowing the Communists to win. This, it seems fair to say, may have been an indication of what ADA had in mind on a world scale.

Recently, the ADA has begun to snap the whip among those of its members who do not conform completely to its party line. Mrs. Dorothy Schiff, who doubles in brass as owner and weekly columnist of the New York *Post*, expressed the views of the ADA leftwing when she made a verbal assault on two of its vice chairmen — Senators Hubert Horatio Humphrey and Wayne Morse. Their crime, in her eyes, was excessive anti-Communism — which she characterized as a "disgraceful demonstration of political opportunism" by the "demagogic twins."

These factional fights disturb the very Democrats who sought ADA support in the late 1940's. The entire record is one which the Democratic delegates at the 1956 convention will have to face. For the most part these delegates are accustomed to operate along standard American political lines. They are trained to think in terms of elections, not ideological battles. Having grown up in a political system based on intra-party coalition, they are shocked by statements such as that of Louis Hollander, president of the New York State CIO, in which he boasted that "we can force the reactionaries of both old parties to form their own third party. Then labor can sit down and rebuild one of the two remaining parties, supporting the liberals who stay on." This smacks of the splintering tactics of Europe's rump parties and America's Marxist groupings. It is an attempt to destroy a party system based on regional arrangements, not ideological conformity.

WHAT action, if any, the Democrats will take against ADA is problematical, despite growing signs of impatience among those Democrats who make politics a profession. Governor Averell Harriman, certainly no rightwinger, has followed the promptings of New York party leaders and has made it very clear that he will not allow ADA to dominate him. An attempt by ADA National Chairman Rauh to force Harriman to appear at an ADA Roosevelt Day dinner ended in a bitter fight — and Harriman stayed away.

Everywhere, on the local and national levels, Democratic leaders have made it plain that they are embarrassed by ADA help. They privately wish that the man who came to dinner would realize that he has outgrown his welcome. But they are aware that ADA, with a substantial portion of the press behind it, can still muster significant forces for a slow but massive retaliation against those who cross it. Though the Steelworkers and a few other unions have pulled out, CIO President Walter Reuther is still one of the kingpins in ADA. The AFL-CIO merger makes him even more potent.

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Politicians, moreover, live in a world where public reputation is a touchy matter. And they may be loath to challenge an organization which has reduced to a science the tactics of smear which Communism brought to this country. The concerted whispering campaign, the divide-and-rule and rule-or-ruin strategy, the organized assault cannot be underestimated. The half-truth, the distorted fact, and the outright lie are all in ADA's arsenal, and when it is caught *in flagrante* it shouts, "Stop, McCarthyite!"

But there are signs of change, both large and small. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., the outstanding practitioner of these ADA tactics, has been placed slightly *hors de combat* since he was fired from the New York *Post* for taking a tentative step off the reservation. (He advocated German rearmament.) The Congressional machinery is in the hands of Southern Democrats, who abominate ADA. With no powerful Democratic President to run the show in 1956, the Southerners may well declare their independence. Party regularity has become more respectable in urban centers like New York and Chicago — from which ADA drew much of its strength.

If these signs have any meaning, the Democratic delegates at the next convention may tear off the ADA hair shirt and follow the dictates of their own, and more responsive, consciences. The American people, who have been victimized by the dreary doctrinaires, will breathe a sigh of relief.

And in the convention hall, a voice — but not from the sewers — may announce that the Democratic Party has rid itself of an entangling misalliance.

» A man who'd only recently moved to a certain New York neighborhood was struck by the fact that each day a brand-new Cadillac was parked in front of the neighborhood's shabby-looking candy-store and he inquired about this. He was told that the store's owner was also the owner of the Cadillac. Thinking this rather odd, he went into the store, bought some cigars, struck up a conversation with the owner, and soon got around to asking about the car.

"Oh that," laughed the candy store man, "It's like this. This store doesn't have a telephone and I always use the phone of the Cadillac agency down the block and also get all my calls there. And, you know, you can't go in there a dozen times a day without buying something!"

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KING OF THE SQUARE DANCERS

By Elsa Edwards

JUST 25 minutes from downtown Los Angeles is the largest open square dance in the whole wide world. Usually limited to 80 sets of eight dancing at any one time, on Jamboree dates there have been as many as 125. People come from all over — even from England, Australia, Canada, Hawaii and Alaska — to Sunny Hills Barn to dance. It has acres of free parking, and traffic officers direct the cars to the nearest vacant spots.

The promoter of this greatest of square dances is Ed Smith of Fullerton, California. Quiet and unassuming, dressed in modest attire of Western cut, he does not appear to be the smart businessman that he must be.

When the square dance fad started gaining popularity in 1949, Mr. Smith's wife urged him to learn to dance. They started a group of people dancing in a garage, and continued regularly for several months. More and more of their friends became interested until it seemed nec-

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essary to find a larger place to dance. One day Mr. Smith noticed an old empty citrus packing plant in the Sunny Hills area of Fullerton and he had an inspiration. A packing house would have hardwood floors and wide-open spaces just right for dancing!

Mr. Smith made a deal with the owners and, having done some remodeling, was soon holding open square dancing every Saturday night. The small trickle of dancers soon became a tide and it was necessary to enlarge facilities to include instruction during the week. Round dancing, a form of couple-dancing to a set pattern, began in 1950. A record shop was opened the same year to furnish music for home parties and practice. The next summer a chuck wagon barbecue was added.

Mr. Smith found the business was a whale of a lot of fun. It just kept on growing. A swimming pool was added for the use of the dancers on hot summer nights and many now come to dance, swim and then stay on for breakfast. There's a country store, too, with a completely modern supermarket in disguise, and an old-fashioned United States Post Office is actually in operation. Lighting fixtures are old lanterns; there are two old rocking chairs beside a huge black stove and an enormous barrel of crackers.

ATMOSPHERE in the big red and white dance barn is acquired by using old wagon beds and a horse trough for planters. Elk horns and bear skin rugs are tacked on the knotty pine walls. Several wagon wheels lean against the walls. Harness trappings and horse collars appear on the supporting posts. An old-fashioned crank telephone and a grindstone add their bit to the background. The ticket window, constructed along the lines of an old privy, even to the crescent in the door, brings friendly humor into the picture, and recalls the inconveniences of a past era. The snack bar is fashioned to represent a covered wagon, even to the cover, but the wheels are only painted on. Old black pot-bellied stoves converted to gas furnish warmth and nostalgia.

People who come just to watch the dancing sit on long boards placed on boxes around the edges of the floor. But most people come to participate and have little time for sitting anyway. As the women swing from partner to partner, the visitors are treated to a unique fashion parade of American country-style calico, Indian squaw dresses and billowing nylons of many colors, with flitting petticoats playing that old-time game of peekaboo. Masculine ego induces the most conservative of businessmen to spruce up in the rugged handsomeness of Western wear — proving, of course, that big boys like to play cowboy, too.

Sunny Hills recreation center is Americana à la mode — a page out of early California history, a colorful era come to life.

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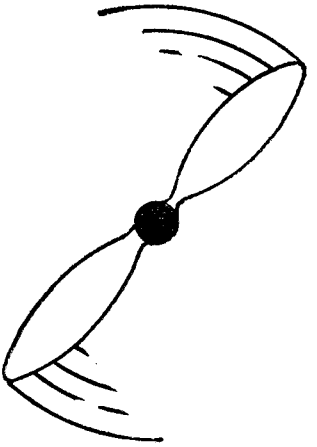
Rosie O'Donnell Speaking



BY GEORGE CARROLL

"WE NEED a little more red-blooded Americanism, a little more pride in our American history, a little more fiber in our souls . . ."

When he talks to you like this, Lieutenant General Emmett O'Donnell, Jr., Deputy Chief of Staff for Personnel, United States Air Force, knows very well that he runs the risk of being labeled a flag waver.

But nobody ever has accused the inimitable "Rosie" of shunning a necessary risk before, and he'll not change his heading now.

So the man who led the first B-29 Superfortress raid on Tokyo and again led the big bombers back into battle during the Korean conflict says what he thinks. Unhesitatingly, he lays it on the line for all to hear or, if you will, on target.

O'Donnell has been doing a lot of thinking lately about America and Americans because they've dumped directly into his lap the responsibility for keeping our first line of defense, the Air Force, flourishing as an all-volunteer branch of our military establishment.

That "V," for "volunteer," behind the USAF, for United States Air Force, means a tremendous lot in continuing combat efficiency.

Thus it is that Rosie has been flying a desk in the Pentagon instead of such ultra-modern new bombers as the B-47 Stratojet and B-52 Stratofortress and one of his main missions, in a manner of speaking, is a mammoth manhunt — for patriots.

They're not too easy to find these days, sad to say.

"We're looking for sound, solid American boys with a good dash of iron in their blood," O'Donnell tells you.

Some very smart military people insist that if at least 1,000,000 out of our nation's 164,000,000 population won't voluntarily make a career of the Air Force, then our days of freedom are definitely numbered.

Why would this be so?

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Because, they argue, we require an Air Force at least that big to counter the expanding air-atomic might of the Soviet Union *and it must be a professional, career Air Force and not an aggregation of short-term draftees.*

ROSIE O'DONNELL, the patriot hunter, has been having his troubles. Men have been draining out of the Air Force in the biggest kind of exodus since our 1946 demobilization after World War II. In the past year, about 200,000, a fifth of total USAF strength, departed. Replacing them is a costly business.

It takes about $75,000 to train a jet pilot and around $15,000 to train the average airman who enlists for four years after graduating from high school.

Secretary of the Air Force Talbott estimates the tremendous turnover of Air Force manpower during this fiscal year is costing the taxpayers $2,500,000,000 in lost military skill and national protection.

That enormous dollar loss we can probably absorb without hurting too much but it is our weakened combat capabilities in the air that could be critical — if the Communists suddenly struck with atomic and hydrogen bombs.

What Rosie O'Donnell seeks to accomplish is to drive up that reenlistment rate, retaining the old pros in Air Force blue. At the same time, he wants to attract top-flight new blood through first-time enlistments.

"We want boys who know how important it is to preserve for their own youngsters the heritage they themselves got from their forefathers," O'Donnell says.

"We want boys who are willing to fight, if fight they must, to pass down that heritage intact. Some critics claim life in the military service is tough. The service *is* tough but it offers a decent, honest, gratifying way of life. Today the United States Air Force is completely voluntary in its makeup. We hope to keep it so."

O'Donnell will tell you no nation has ever suffered from raising its youth with an eye to the Spartan tradition. As a matter of fact, that's the way he was raised himself in old St. Michael's parish in the Bay Ridge region of Brooklyn.

To his mode of thinking, the United States of America is no exception to the general rule governing all nations in the stream of history.

Granted the Air Force has had its share of inequalities, but what segment of U. S. life hasn't? Isn't it true that the good and the bad, the sweet and the sour, come to us in a mixed package?

"Take the highly vocal, disgruntled minority who 'cry baby' about what the country is not doing for them as individuals," philosophizes Rosie.

"These people have a malady by

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no means unique to the military service. It's a rapidly spreading, very contagious disease. If not isolated and cured, it could threaten our whole national life."

IN CASE this sounds like preaching superpatriotism, let any listener who rises to object have fair warning that Emmett O'Donnell, Jr. is a fellow who practices what he preaches.

In the midst of the Korean War the summer of 1951, the 16 major league baseball clubs unanimously voted to make Rosie the commissioner of baseball. It meant a salary about seven times his Air Force pay of $11,000 or so (he was then a major general, not yet having gained his third star).

Spike Briggs of the Detroit Tigers went to O'Donnell with the offer. Harry Salsinger, sports editor of the Detroit *News*, later described the scene as Briggs recounted it:

"Rosie never batted an eye. He didn't ask time to think it over. He didn't ask time to discuss it with his wife and family.

"He told me right off: 'I can't take it, not with the international situation what it is. You bet I'm honored, though, and I could surely use the money and I want you to tell the owners how grateful I am.' "

In Rosie O'Donnell's book, the welfare of his country, even then in combat with the Communists, came ahead of a big fat pay check, plus the acclaim that goes with the czardom of America's national game.

The turnover in Air Force officers has been about 45,000 annually out of a total 130,000, giving rise to the question:

What future can there be in an Air Force career if even the bosses want out?

Rosie O'Donnell had a beautiful "out" but he turned it down cold.

Admitted to West Point at 17, a brigadier general at 37, he figures he owes his country a thing or two. Still on the sunny side of 50, he one day may follow Arnold, Spaatz, Vandenberg and Twining as top boss of the Air Force.

Once during World War II, when the radio brought news of another O'Donnell exploit in the Pacific, his father, Emmett, Sr., put aside the questions of newsmen by saying: "We just like to pray and be proud of him in our own little way."

That's the kind of family from which Rosie comes. O'Donnell, Sr., retired in June, 1954, as head of the English Department at Manual Training High School, Brooklyn, where Rosie studied before choosing West Point. He and the general's mother still live in the old Bay Ridge neighborhood.

Now Rosie has three young sons of his own, Dale, Patrick and Terry.

Their dad may not be the czar of baseball but he has endowed them all, by example, with a heritage beyond price, an unselfish love of country in the tradition of Patrick Henry and Nathan Hale.

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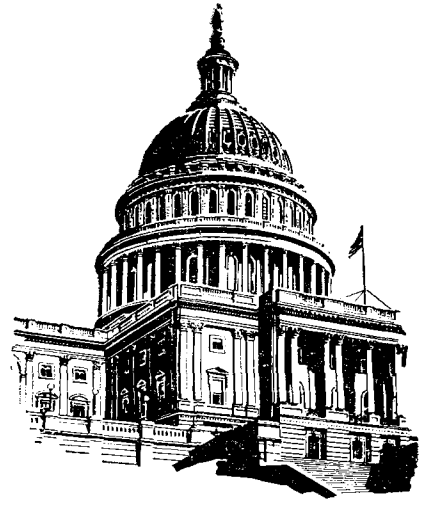
· 12 ·
SENATE WIVES



By Irene Corbally Kuhn

THE MEASURE of a man's success in his career and a woman's success as a woman is never more accurately taken than in the national political arena and the Capitol's bear-pits. In Washington today are 12 Republican Senators whose success as public figures is due in no small degree to their wives. All these wives are women who have a clear, profound understanding of their real rôles in life as wives and helpmeets, and they have marshalled all their abundant personal gifts in order to fill those rôles. To a woman, they believe in the rightness of their husbands' personal and political convictions, and in old-fashioned concepts like duty to country and to conscience.

These are the loyal wives of a dozen controversial Senators who would have found life much easier in all respects if they had just taken the "normal" way for women and stayed on the socially alkaline side. Instead, they've chosen to make their husbands' principles their own, to work and fight for those principles, and to brave the acid baths of innuendo and criticism, smear and suspicion.

This group of exceptional women are outstanding for their own accomplishments; but even more, for the way they've stood up to the tough job of being married to men who've been fighting the battles of a minority party through the long years of Democratic rule, and carrying on the fight for frequently unpopular or little-understood issues in these first years of hectic and divided Eisenhower Republicanism.

These are the wives of the men

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whose work on investigating committees uncovered the terrifying Communist infiltration of virtually all branches of government and all phases of American life; who are linked to the bitterly-debated Bricker Amendment; the agonizing issues of peace or war over the Formosa question. These are the wives of Senators who are courageously questioning the leadership of the Administration, risking their own careers, making the deliberate choice against party for principle.

THE ROLL CALL of these 12, alphabetically, would put Harriet Bricker at the top; and then tick off the names of Marie Louise Butler, Doloris Bridges, Louella Dirksen, Peggy Goldwater, Janet Jenner, Helen Knowland, Jean McCarthy, Katy Malone, Mary Mundt, Marie Schoeppel and Gladys Welker.

All of them are good-looking, politically savvy, gracious and intelligent. One of them, the youngest Senate wife, Jean McCarthy, is a real beauty, and she has a sweetness and sincerity of character unmatched in Washington, and disputed by no one, not even her husband's bitterest enemies. Some of the women are singularly gifted. Helen Knowland is the author of a best-selling novel (*Madame Baltimore*); Mary Mundt and Doloris Bridges are popular and effective public speakers; Marie Schoeppel writes a regular column for a hometown newspaper in Kansas.

They are all, except the comparatively recent bride of Joe McCarthy, long-time marrieds. Only one, Doloris Bridges, is a second wife, and, although she has no children of her own, she has reared the three sons of the Senator from New Hampshire who was a widower when they met. All the rest, except the Mundts, the Schoeppels and the newly-wed McCarthys, have children and grandchildren. All of them, without exception, are gracious and accomplished hostesses; most of them do their own housework and cooking; most of them help out in the Senate offices when the work piles up.

Doloris Bridges and Mary Mundt are forceful personalities without being in the least unfeminine or personally and unpleasantly aggressive. Mrs. Bridges is an extremely pretty woman, slim, graceful, well-dressed, with long blonde hair worn in a big *chignon*. She has that exquisitely fresh-as-a-spring-morning look no matter what time you see her. She is clever, too; the kind of woman who can speak her mind and get away with it, even with men who are Styles Bridges' political opponents. In fact, she has been known to go to an opponent of the Senator and talk to him with such sincerity and intelligent conviction that she has won him over. The secret of this lies in her very real charm and in her tact and intelligence.

She is a big help to her husband in the way a wife should be. She

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looks after his health and well-being. She is with him constantly, traveling all over the state of New Hampshire with him and representing him there when he cannot be in two places at once. Her gift for friendship was never more tellingly demonstrated than during the tumultuous Army-McCarthy hearings in the spring of 1954. She and Katy Malone, wife of Senator George Malone of Nevada, accompanied Jean McCarthy to every single hearing, morning and afternoon, for six weeks.

DOLORIS BRIDGES is a doctor's daughter. She comes from Scandinavian stock — her maiden name was Thauwald and her widowed mother still lives in St. Paul. She was graduated from the University of Minnesota in 1935 and worked at Midway Hospital in St. Paul for three years. When she decided to go to Washington, she took Civil Service examinations and was appointed first to a job in the Internal Revenue Bureau. She was not sure she wanted to remain in Washington and so she never took long appointments. Yet the lure of the Capital was so strong she stayed on and in the course of six years she worked in almost every department of government — ten, all told, from Agriculture to State.

This unusually varied experience has been invaluable to Senator Bridges and time and time again, he has had recourse to his wife's good memory and specialized knowledge when time was pressing and his paid assistants were not at hand. Before they were married she went to New Hampshire and oriented herself, met everyone, all the family connections and friends of the Senator, and his close constituents and political associates. She was asked to make her maiden speech at a college club in Manchester shortly after she married the Senator.

"I'd never done this but Styles urged me to accept the invitation," she said. "I thought about it for a while and I made up my mind if I was going to speak I'd talk about what my husband was doing. I did a lot of research and I wrote a 13-page, 45-minute speech. It went over very well and I've given hundreds since, but now I speak from notes — just a few are all I need now.

"Styles was not only willing but eager for me to do this kind of public speaking, and he put so much trust in me that I felt a real responsibility to check my facts and figures and be absolutely accurate. Styles never asks me what I'm going to say when I speak. Not many husbands, in public life especially, would give their wives this kind of leeway. He trusts me completely and because he does, I don't betray his trust."

Mary Mundt, who's been married to Karl Mundt, the Senator from South Dakota, for 31 years, is small, trim and good-looking, with a quiet voice that belies the strong personality behind it. The Mundts

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have been 16 years in Washington, and Mary Mundt is one of the Capital's experts on Communism and the chilling history of its capture of the minds of so many Americans from the highest intellectual caliber to the lowest, ignorant emotional response, the whole gamut from Alger Hiss to Union Square hysteria.

Recently, in Topeka, at a statewide Kansas Day meeting of Republican women, she spoke as the guest of her friend, Marie Schoeppel, wife of the present Senator from Kansas. Mrs. Mundt explained the urgent, continuing need for Congressional investigations.

"I told them of the abuse we've had to take — and I used Karl and myself as examples — through the years, ever since Karl has been serving on Congressional investigating committees. It has been going on ever since Martin Dies' day. Dies was threatened, his family was threatened, you know; he was practically driven out of Congress. The vilification that is poured out on any man who heads an investigating committee into Communism is unbelievable. It doesn't happen if the investigation is of the stock market or a business firm, or a 'cartel' — only if it's into Communism in the United States.

"In our case, all during the Alger Hiss investigation in 1948 — and this is what I described to the Kansas women in detail — we had no police protection, although Communists picketed our apartment almost continuously, and we had threatening phone calls all night long."

MRS. MUNDT recalled the hostile atmosphere in which members of the Committee on Un-American Activities had to live during those days of revelation of Communist infiltration of high government office when Hiss was presumed to be the victim of the neurotic revenge of ex-Communist Whittaker Chambers.

"When we went out for a purely social afternoon or evening we'd be completely ignored. We'd walk up to a group of people we'd always known — and they'd just evaporate. I used to get telephone calls from society women in Washington asking me to try to induce my husband to drop the Alger Hiss investigation. The night telephone calls were the worst. People would ring and hang up when we answered. Karl's father was critically ill at the time and we didn't dare shut off the phone because the next call might be the one summoning us to his death bed. The calls went on and on, even after Karl's father passed away and we still had to keep the line open for family matters."

Karl and Mary Mundt were school teachers in South Dakota when they were married in 1924. They rebelled against John Dewey's teachings which they encountered in full flower at Columbia University when both went there in 1928 to get their master's degrees, he in

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school administration, she in English. It was in that period and that atmosphere that she began to study Communist infiltration of American life.

But interested as she is in that subject, she is equally aware of the needs of her native state. Last summer, Budget Director Dodge cut out the appropriation for the Oahe Dam, near Pierce, South Dakota. The Truman budget had allocated an additional $14,000,000 to finish the dam, but the Eisenhower budget chopped this out.

"The government had already spent $20,000,000 on the dam," Mrs. Mundt said. "Either the dam was a good project and should be finished, or it should never have been started. It seemed to me if nearly two-thirds of the total cost had already been spent, it was foolish and wasteful to abandon the project, especially since only $14,000,000 more was needed, a small sum comparatively for such public works.

"One night at a small dinner, Postmaster General Arthur Summerfield, on my right, asked me how things were in South Dakota. Before I knew it, I was telling him about the dam and how the whole state was upset by the Budget Director's cut.

"I had no intention of asking Mr. Summerfield's help, but I had all the details and figures in my head, and I poured it all out. The Postmaster General listened to me and he said he'd write a letter to Mr. Dodge. He did; and the appropriation for the Oahe Dam was restored."

LIKE Mary Mundt, Katy Malone is a Westerner with the vivid, honest directness and frankness of the West. The moderate-income Malones live in a hotel apartment in Washington and Katy does her own work most of the time. This doesn't diminish her bubbling, buoyant vivacious spirit. She is one of the best-looking women in Washington, with a trim, rounded, youthful figure despite her rôle of proud grandmother to the two beautiful children of her widowed daughter, Molly Malone O'Connor. Katy Malone has all the independent fearlessness of her Irish heritage and she is not one to sit by when something or someone is displeasing to her high moral standards and ethical code.

Another youthful-looking, handsome grandmother is Helen Knowland, wife of the California minority leader, William Fife Knowland, Senator Taft's choice to succeed him as Republican leader. The Knowlands grew up together in California and "went together" from the sixth grade, they are fond of saying.

The Knowlands married when they were 19. Now 46, they have three children and three grandchildren. Helen Knowland is one of the most interesting women in Senate circles, one of the most energetic and

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indefatigable. During the war when her husband, not yet a Senator, was off with the Navy in the Pacific, she kept his political fences mended, taking an active part in California state politics. She also was active in the family newspaper, the Oakland, California *Tribune*, built upon the timber and mining fortunes of Senator Knowland's grandfather and published now by Knowland's father, Joseph R. Knowland.

Despite the fact that there is money in the Knowland family, Bill and Helen Knowland live modestly in Washington in a Massachusetts Avenue apartment which Helen Knowland keeps herself. She does her own marketing and housewifely chores, is an excellent mother and grandmother, a fine hostess who is well-liked and popular and somehow she has also found time for a writing career. Her first mystery novel was a success. She has finished a second and has another type of book in mind for her third. With all this, she is not one of those tense, do-or-die women. She takes life in her stride and enjoys it.

When Arizona sent department store tycoon and jet pilot Barry Goldwater to the Senate, Washington discovered a devoted and fun-loving family that was always good company. Barry and Peggy Goldwater have four children and they all live Western style in the Capital, dancing, riding, giving and going to parties. But the Arizona Senator takes his job seriously and so does his wife; and although a comparative newcomer to the lawmakers' ranks, he is already making his influence felt.

Senator John Butler's wife, Marie Louise, comes from an old Baltimore family and has had to courageously accommodate herself to a new way of life since her husband defeated Millard Tydings for his Senate seat. Mrs. Butler is a quiet, reserved woman, concerned mainly with her family, living the old-fashioned private kind of life cherished by Baltimore aristocrats. She has a regal, but not aloof, air; and she has subjugated her own deep personal desires for a thoroughly private life in order to be of real assistance to her husband.

Janet Jenner, wife of William Jenner, the firebrand from Indiana, resembles Doloris Bridges in her blonde good looks and vivacity. She was born in Scotland, just outside Glasgow, and is a real homebody, devoted to their one son, a boy about ten. She seldom goes out to social events but is interested in and well-informed about everything her husband does. Their boy is a young go-getter, independent and enterprising, with his own newspaper which he puts out every two weeks and distributes around the neighborhood.

SENATOR Herman Welker's wife, Gladys, is probably one of the best loved Senate wives, immersed in her husband's interest, intense in

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her feelings about Communism, American foreign policy and the welfare of their native state of Idaho.

Mrs. Everett Dirksen probably works in a more explicit way for her husband than any one of the other wives. She drives the Senate's top orator all over the state of Illinois when he's home on Senate business; and she helps out in the clerical work in his Washington office. She is active in Republican groups and is more inclined to listen than to talk — but when she speaks she is worth listening to.

Mrs. John Bricker, like her distinguished-looking husband, is handsome and charming. Devoted to her grandchildren, she is one of those women who give strength and support in a quiet feminine way. She plays the piano exceedingly well and at small gatherings of Senators and their wives often gets everybody relaxed with group singing. Her friendliness is real, not politically assumed. When the Bricker Amendment was being debated in 1954, and again this year, she took every long-distance call that came into the Senator's office and talked earnestly to the caller, explaining the Amendment.

Marie Schoeppel is a charmer who makes friends for the Senator from Kansas merely by smiling and saying, "Hello." Some women have the gift. Mrs. Schoeppel has it in abundance; and she is the best type of homespun, middle-Western American, pleasant and modest, the kind that wears well and stands up to prosperity and success as well as to adversity. She has a keen intelligence and insight and writes regularly for Kansas newspapers. Everything interests her and when she writes, as when she speaks, it is with knowledge and quiet authority.

JEAN Kerr McCarthy, the beauty, wife of the most controversial Senator of them all, is not yet 30. The older Senate wives all surround her with a kind of protective affection which she has earned. "It is unusual for a girl as young as she is to take hold as she has," one of them told me. "She is utterly unspoiled and natural, an unusually fine girl. And she's clear-headed and sound."

"Jeanie's courage is remarkable," another friend told me. "She had those two nasty accidents — first a broken hip that would have put almost anyone out of the running for a year. That was when she was working for Senator McCarthy, just as paid help, not as his wife. But she went right on doing her job, getting around Senate corridors and hearing rooms on crutches; and she never complained or quit. And then that broken ankle she got when a drunken driver ran into her taxicab in New York. She took that like a Trojan, too. Mostly though, it's the way she's stood up under the pounding that Joe McCarthy's taken that endears her to us. Nobody works harder for Joe McCarthy than Jeanie McCarthy — and she's at her best when the chips are down."

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Automation: BLESSING OR CURSE?

BY THEODORE GRANIK

Founder-Producer of NBC Radio-TV programs, "The American Forum" and "Youth Wants to Know"

A "SECOND INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION" is transforming America. Automation, the harnessing of electronic brains to mechanical muscles, is completely altering the pattern of U. S. mass production. So fantastic are the possibilities for automatic-robot-factories that many people now visualize acres and acres of factory and office space filled with huge clattering machines but without a single worker, with the exception of maintenance personnel.

Already, automation — machines regulating machines — is being used to refine oil, make artillery shells, assemble TV sets, bake cakes, process chemicals, generate electric power, mail out insurance bills, put through transatlantic phone calls and build automobile engines.

The essence of the automation technique is the so-called "feedback" principle. The same idea is embodied in the thermostat which automatically regulates the heat in your house. As soon as it receives an indication that the temperature in your home is reaching say 70 degrees, the thermostat may turn the furnace off; or it turns it on when the temperature falls below a critical point. This same self-correcting technique occurs in automation, except that instead of just one factor — temperature — dozens or hundreds of factors are controlled by the complex electronic brain. Once you give the brain its instructions through a punch-card or a recording tape, it will carry them out — regulating all sorts of small or great machines — with super-human precision.

Now, what does this Second Industrial Revolution actually signify? Already the air is filled with strong claims and counterclaims concerning the advantages and disadvantages of automation. Here is a summary of the principal arguments being used on both sides of the case, as compiled from leading protagonists.

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Pro

AUTOMATION WILL BE A BLESSING FOR AMERICA

1. There is no justification for fear of further mechanization. Past similar fears have been both futile and absurd. Nearly three centuries ago, an inventor in Danzig built a loom that could weave six webs at once. Frightened workers seized the hapless inventor and drowned him in a nearby creek. Later, in the Industrial Revolution in England, mobs of angry workers broke up mills and tried to destroy the machinery which they thought would make them jobless. In modern times, however, we have learned that these fears are foolish and that far from being afraid of new machinery, workers should welcome it as a boon to higher productivity and higher wages.

2. Labor leaders themselves have, in their franker moments, pointed out that new machinery is not to be feared. Not long before his death, Phillip Murray, President of the CIO, addressing its convention, said: "I do not know of a single, solitary instance where a great technological gain has taken place in the United States of America that it has actually thrown people out of work. I do not know of it — I am not aware of it — because the industrial revolution that has taken place in the United States in the past 25 years has brought into the employment field an additional 20 million people."

3. The whole inspiring history of America proves that it is in our most highly mechanized industries that there has come the greatest increase in new jobs. Thus, few industries are more highly mechanized than the automobile industry. And yet between the last pre-war year and the latest post-war year, there has been almost a doubling in auto jobs — now a little under a million in all. Moreover, as jobs have increased, the availability of low-priced autos themselves has increased. There are now more than 55 million cars, trucks and buses. And the annual replacement market alone is five million vehicles a year. Why? Because mass production has permitted high quality and low cost. Yet if we tried to build an auto today by 1908 hand methods, it would cost not $3,000 but $100,000. Why? Hand operations are infinitely more expensive than assembly-line operations.

4. Automation basically means greater productivity and larger volume of American goods.

This requires more advertising, better public relations and more effective salesmanship in order to

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create mass public demand. Thus, with mass production, new jobs develop in mass distribution and sales, and industry is in an ever stronger position to sell more and more inexpensive TV sets, radios, refrigerators, air-conditioners, washing machines, nylons and just about everything else capable of mass consumption.

5. Automation will relieve the drudgery of menial chores. It will enable men to use their God-given brains to develop machines which will save man for skilled intelligent tasks rather than for mere animal-like muscle power. It will mean that there will be fewer and fewer menial workers — wheelbarrow pushers and the like. This trend toward higher skills is completely in line with the long-term trend in America. Back in 1910, 36 percent of our labor force was unskilled. But three decades later, only 20 percent of our workers were unskilled.

Dr. W. R. G. Baker, a General Electric vice-president, estimates that, in 1880, mechanical power supplied 17 percent of the work energy in this country. And there were only 17 million jobs. In 1954, mechanical power supplied 95 percent of the work energy, and there were 62 million jobs. In other words, the more mechanical power, the more jobs.

In any event, we are going to need a more and more educated working force. College degrees will become absolute necessities in order to manage the complicated machinery of industry. For example, electricians are going to have to learn electronics, and pipe-fitters will have to learn hydraulics — if they want to keep in step with science.

6. Automation may be the difference between life and death for our country. The technological superiority of America is one of the crucial superiorities that we enjoy over International Communism. If the effort to mechanize industry were to be slowed down in the slightest, the result could be a weakening of our defense system and the inability to produce the advanced weapons which we urgently need to survive.

7. The charge by some labor leaders that industry does not share the fruits of labor's increased productivity is false. A study over a 33-year period by Allen W. Rucker showed that the output of workers and machines in U. S. manufacturing increased by 161 percent. The real wages of the men, measured in terms of purchasing power, increased by practically as much — 157 percent. Yet, the relative prices of manufactured products, measured in terms of hourly wages, declined 61 percent. Thus, workers have been treated completely fairly by management, as productivity has increased. And more and more new enterprises have appeared, small businesses playing an indispensable role in our economy.

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8. Automation is coming; it is here, whether anybody likes it or not. Congress couldn't stop it by legislation even if it wanted to. And labor can't stop it by strikes even if it wants to. The question is not, therefore, "Shall we permit automation," but "Shall we work together in order to achieve the best possible results under it?"

9. Fear of automation is being engendered by some quarters in America which are fundamentally hostile to our free enterprise system. These quarters want to stir up wild, irrational fears of a depression, thus wittingly or unwittingly risking depression. They want to use automation as an excuse for new government controls, for socialist-like "planning," for more government intervention into our free economy. We should not allow such sources to interfere with our free enterprise system on the basis of this or any other lame excuse. Let the natural laws of supply and demand continue to operate in the public interest, as they have in the past.

Con

AUTOMATION MAY BE A CURSE

1. The old-time fears about mechanization may have been unjustified, but realistic new fears are sound. Americans should not forget the mass unemployment of the 1930's when there wasn't a sufficient market for our huge production.

So the questions now are: Will there be sufficient market for the massive output under automation? And how can workers buy the new products if they, themselves, have been displaced from jobs by machines?

2. Labor states that it has been misrepresented as regards its alleged opposition to automation. Walter P. Reuther, President of the International UAW-CIO, says: "We welcome automation, technological progress and the promise of peacetime use of the atom."

He points out, however, that "automation must be met sanely and constructively so that the miracles of mass production and the ever greater economic abundance made possible by automation can find expression in the lives of people through improved economic security and a fuller share of happiness and human dignity."

3. Labor states that it is unwise to believe that the industries which are eliminating jobs through automation will require the same workers for other purposes. Albert J. Hayes, President of the International Asso-

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ciation of Machinists, comments: "It is sheer folly to think that plants and industries that turn to automation are going to absorb the workers that are displaced. They're not. We must begin now to plan for the coming adjustment to keep the economy in balance, for if unemployment, which stands at 4 million in 1955, is upped to 12 or 15 million by 1965, then it defeats the whole purpose and the wonderful advantages that can be gained through automation."

4. Labor states that we have only begun to see the massive unemployment which it fears may result from automation. Right now, the steel industry is turning out a third more steel than it did a year ago. But the number of its workers is the same. This is also true of the automobile industry. On an over-all basis, for every man-hour of human labor, the average factory is now turning out seven percent more than it did a year ago. Greater output with fewer workers is the trend almost everywhere. This increases job insecurity and tends, labor feels, to cast a cloud over collective bargaining.

5. Labor leaders stress that automation makes essential comprehensive national plans to prevent loss of breadwinners' purchasing power when they are displaced from jobs. They deny that our economy will adjust itself.

Labor, in effect, doubts that there will be any self-balancing mechanism under which the same number of workers who are displaced from old industries will be hired by new industries. On the contrary, labor feels that there will be a tendency for only a small fraction of the workers to be rehired in new industries, with considerable numbers left to walk the streets with no job opportunities available.

6. Labor leaders have expressed the fear that automation itself is not the danger; but, rather, an alleged resulting concentration of economic power in a few industrial hands.

James B. Carey, President of the CIO Electrical Workers (whose 400,000 members produced the very automatic machinery that is making automation possible) says that automation "could be a boon and a blessing of the first magnitude." Conversely, he makes this criticism: "Automation, in the hands of narrow, greedy individuals could create such a terrible dislocation with widespread unemployment on the one hand and a tremendous piling up of profits on the other that our institutions could be thrown into serious danger."

Other CIO spokesmen also charge there is a tendency for more and more profits to concentrate in the hands of a few big corporations, with less and less purchasing power for the American people as a whole.

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A *CIO News* editorial recently said: "Our concern is for the whole free society — for the communities which could become ghost towns, for the merchants who depend on employed workers to buy their products, for industry which must not only produce but sell, if it is to be prosperous."

Labor heatedly denies that its gloomy predictions represent "scare-mongering" or "professional pessimism." It says it is simply looking ahead, "realistically." It says that the "economic handwriting is already on the wall" and that it should be read carefully rather than be ignored.

7. Many experts estimate that while long-range results may prove good, short-range results of automation will be harmful. Thus, Dr. Walter S. Buckingham, Associate Professor of Industrial Management at the Georgia Institute of Technology, says: "The short-run specific problems of expensive geographical movement, loss of seniority, obsolescence of skills, and so on, may be acute. Therefore, there may arise a more urgent need to reduce fractional unemployment (temporary idleness where a worker is between jobs, rather than general unemployment) and provide guarantees against general unemployment."

8. Even automation's defenders have voiced some concern. President Eisenhower has stated that he sees nothing but good stemming from automation. But he has instructed his economic advisers to keep an eye on the situation. If they decide that there are things to worry about, he has committed himself to the establishment of a Presidential commission to advise on means of smoothing out the rough spots.

9. Labor is offering a program to counteract the alleged disadvantages of automation. Albert Hayes says: "Our first goal is the shorter work week, preferably the 35-hour week to start with. In this way some of the workers who would normally be displaced would be able to continue working. We also favor longer vacations, penalty time, and for many industries the guaranteed annual wage." Meanwhile, Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney, Democrat of Wyoming, told a Washington conference on automation, sponsored by the CIO, that the push-button revolution "could easily become stronger than government itself." He said that the Senate-House Joint Committee on the Economic Report plans a study to find what the government should do "to make certain that automation will be a stabilizing and not a disturbing element in the national economy."

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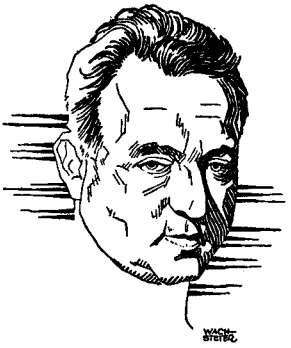

OUR EUROPEAN CRITICS

❀ ❀ ❀

By Eugene Lyons

THE ORDINARY American is amused or angered, depending on his disposition, by the now familiar spectacle of Europeans shaking their heads sadly over the supposed horrors of America's harshness toward Communists.

That continent has been so tragically rotted by Communism that it scarcely rates a license to instruct this country on how best to deal with Communist spies, agents and sympathizers. It's rather like a chronic bankrupt presuming to lecture his solvent neighbors on how to run their business.

The spectacle is especially ironical or outrageous when the lecturer, however well intentioned, happens to be a Frenchman. For, with the possible exception of Italy, France is the European nation most deeply penetrated and corroded by Red **rust.**

The French Communist Party is vast, holding a balance-of-power whip over government. It rules a whole empire of organizations and institutions under its control, and enjoys the noisy backing of an influential portion of the intellectual community. Know-nothing tolerance of Communists is so widespread that an avowed member of the Party could remain for years at the head of French atomic research.

But the Kremlin, not content with this immense open power in France, supplements it with the usual conspiratorial setup on an unusually large scale. Last year, there were disclosures that military plans discussed in confidence only at the highest level were known to the Communists — and therefore to Moscow — within hours. Even complacent France was shocked by the scandal, but it was quickly hushed up and the known culprits have not been molested. The case was far from exceptional. It is common knowledge that all branches of government, including the military and police, are crawling with Red agents.

A French writer must therefore be singularly lacking in a sense of

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fitness to undertake to scold the United States for its policies and methods with respect to Red subversion. He descends to the grotesque when, in the course of an avuncular dressing-down, he points with pride to how this problem is handled in his own country.

If his solicitude for benighted America is genuine (and sometimes it is) then he must have a fantastic mental picture of the state of affairs here. Only a simple-minded certainty that our streets are running with the blood of innocents accused of heretical views could explain his presumption.

A SAMPLE is at hand in American publications: an article titled, "Common Sense on Security," by one of the most prominent French political pundits. The exhibit is the more revealing, I think, precisely because the author, Raymond Aron, is known to be honestly opposed to Communism and in favor of the Western alliance. If M. Aron thinks that "persecution" is rife in the United States, and that France does it better, then European opinion is certainly in a sad state.

Every decent American can go along with M. Aron's basic contentions — that civil rights must be carefully safeguarded; that unpopular ideologies should be faced in "free discussion"; that it is reprehensible to persecute innocent people; that men should not be penalized for having been or played with Communists in the long-ago; that honest opinions which turned out to be mistaken ought not to be treated as treasonable; that mutual trust is vital to the health of a democracy.

These are, after all, the clichés of the American political credo. Though there is no good reason why any foreigner should rehearse them for us, no real harm is done. But the mischief of M. Aron's article is in the assumption, threaded through its entire length, that these elementary principles of civilized behavior are being ignored and violated in our America today.

He inveighs against "suspecting and persecuting an innocent person," in a tone which implies that such, of course, is the common American practice today. Those villainous Congressional probes, you know, and those inquiries by loyalty boards. Just how the innocence of a person under suspicion can be established without checking and investigating M. Aron does not disclose. We might as well abolish all courts because now and then someone brought to trial is found not guilty.

Americans, M. Aron observes gloomily, have "a deficient historical sense," in that they punish loyal citizens for "past errors," for "events of 20 years ago." Evidently he believes this malicious exaggeration. It is true that men are questioned about past beliefs, activities and associations — in order to ascertain and judge their *present* fitness to hold sensitive posts, whether in govern-

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ment or in education. How can we find out whether the change of heart is real without asking: "Are you now a Communist? When did you cease to be one?"

In this process, there may be a few instances of unfairness, just as in ordinary judicial proceedings. Members of loyalty boards are not infallible. Also, a good many fine men and women are embarrassed by having to reveal a past they have outlived.

But, as a rule, former Communists, let alone innocent fellow travelers, who speak out frankly about past affiliations and activities are not punished. Punishment, meaning normally removal from some job, falls on those who lie about their past or seek refuge in privileged silence. In most cases where injustice is alleged, not "past errors" but very present persistence in such errors is involved.

DEALING with the matter of Communist teachers, M. Aron says: "In France, the seductive power of Communism would be greatly increased if the impression were created that one was afraid of facing it in a free discussion." The statement clearly imputes such fears to Americans.

Whether innocent youngsters should be subjected to the unequal test of "free discussion" with mature, trained, double-talking dialecticians of an evil doctrine is a wide-open question. M. Aron doesn't attempt to answer it. But that aside, the issue he poses is unrelated to the American facts.

The problem in our schools has not been that of free discussion with admitted Communists. It has been, rather, the infiltration of the educational system by pro-Communists who conceal their real political allegiance; who, when exposed, either clam up or resort to fancy lying. The archtypical case is the professor with a long history of Red associations who, when interrogated on the subject, simply thumbs his nose at his university and students alike from the sanctuary of the Fifth Amendment. That's a long remove from free discussion with Communist teachers.

One more citation must suffice. "In 1946," Mr. Aron writes, "an expert on China could have regarded the Communist victory there as inevitable, while neither hoping for it nor wishing to facilitate it." True, of course — but quite irrelevant to the cases of people like Owen Lattimore or outfits like the Institute of Pacific Relations, to which he obviously alludes.

In the decisive years when American policy was crucial in determining the fate of China, those who propagated the "agrarian reformers" hoax were not merely expressing an opinion. They were not neutrals but active participants, on the side of the Chinese Communists.

They wrote, spoke and acted in organized fashion, each supporting the other. They brought a crusading

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zeal to their chosen task of misinforming the American people and misdirecting American policy. They were ardently engaged in facilitating the triumph of their beloved "agrarians," and in line with this dedication, unscrupulously distorted the facts, maligned the anti-Communists of China, logrolled pro-Communist books. In some cases they even served the espionage network of the Soviets. What M. Aron dismisses lightly as mere opinion was in reality a conscious conspiracy.

THE FACT is that M. Aron, like most European liberals and a lot of non-liberals too, has swallowed whole the shoddy story that America has gone hog-wild on the issue of Communism. They credit as literal truths the declamatory rhetoric about a "dark night of silence," rampant hysteria, the suppression of dissent, star-chamber investigations and the rest.

In a sense, these foreigners are the victims of the American hysteria boys. They have allowed themselves to be brainwashed by our Elmer Davises, Commagers, Dr. Hutchinses. To that extent, they have an alibi.

But what excuse is there for the American periodicals that publish anti-American tripe by the brainwashed Europeans? If France were conspicuously successful in resisting Red subversion, there might be some point in calling upon a French writer to tell us how they accomplish it. But France is up to its nostrils in Kremlin skulduggery.

The Aron article, we are informed, was "solicited" by the *Bulletin of the Atomic Sciences*, published in Chicago. The Board of Sponsors of this periodical consists of Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, Harold C. Urey, Edward U. Condon and Linus Pauling. To anyone acquainted with the totalitarian Left of American science, the conjuncture of such names tells its own story.

So the mystery of the magazine's invitation to M. Aron is quickly resolved. Without discussing their motives, which may well be honorable for all I know, these are men who have helped spread the fairy tale that the United States has succumbed to a kind of mania for persecution. Why they need long-distance overseas testimony that the dread affliction is real is not entirely clear. Perhaps it simply gives them a warm feeling to hear their own obsessions echoed from across the ocean.

Less explicable and more disturbing is the fact that the article was promptly reprinted by the weekly *New Leader* — reprinted without so much as an apology for M. Aron's mistaken assumptions about the United States. The *New Leader* has a long and honorable record of struggle against the Communist conspiracy. It was exposing Kremlin dupes of the Urey-Condon-Lattimore variety long before the country at large was aware of them.

It seems strange that this news-

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paper should rely on an obviously misinformed, though brilliant and well-meaning, Frenchman for guidance on how to meet the Communist issue in America. The fact that M. Aron is sincere hardly makes his false assumptions about our country more wholesome. That a weekly which itself used to be accused of "hysterical Red-baiting" should fall for the current hysteria myth shows how successful the campaign on this score has been.

The picture is truly piquant. The open Communists and their entourage launch a myth. A coterie of self-styled liberals pick it up and make it their very own. They succeed in selling the fable to European intellectuals. Then they complete the circle by "soliciting" those Europeans to confirm the invention!

WHILE these lines were being written, an ugly but almost standardized scene was being staged in Newark, New Jersey. In line with their assignment from Congress, two members of the House Committee on Un-American Activities were starting an inquiry into Communist infiltration in that area. Outside the hotel where the hearings were held, a milling mob of some 1,200 members of a Communist-led trade union was "demonstrating" against the proceedings.

To avoid trouble, the police wisely did not interfere with the show. Most of the demonstrators were from Brooklyn and Manhattan, with the local contingent in a minority: clear proof that the business was planned and financed by higher-ups in the union. The placards and shouted slogans, moreover, were not limited to the business in hand but covered the whole array of Communist and Left-wing "causes." In any case, the pickets yelled, jeered and hurled insults at the Congressmen, whom they denounced elegantly as "a bunch of rats."

Who is terrorizing whom? Who's hysterical?

The Newark episode is not unique. Those whose difficult and unrewarding duty it is to uncover the Red conspirators in our midst have been relentlessly vilified and mudgunned — by organized mobs, by certain newspapers, by prominent columnists and television commentators.

Yet somehow all of this, by the time is has been processed by the hysteria boys, is made to look like proof of "brutal methods" and "persecution" on the side of the investigators. It is filtered through the minds of unscrupulously "liberal" foreign correspondents for their readers abroad. The Raymond Arons and Bertrand Russells overseas are shocked by such American barbarism and hasten to express their horror and to offer prophylactic advice.

And there are always American newspapers, magazines and radio networks to give their anti-American hogwash prominent display. It is to laugh — or cry.

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MAGNIFICENT ALBUM

Museum of the City of New York

By Harry T. Brundidge

If a silver-tongued barker made his pitch on the steps of the beautiful Georgian Colonial building on Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street which houses the Museum of the City of New York, his spiel would go something like this:

"See the decapitated head of President Andrew Jackson.

"See the model of New Amsterdam in 1660.

"See the views of New York from 1626 to date.

"Take the children to the gallery where there are hundreds of old-time toys.

"Visit the abode of the ghost of Peter Stuyvesant.

"View the marvelous dioramas of historic events.

"It's free — it's free — it's free."

The dream of the small groups of enthusiastic Gothamites who started the Museum 'way back in 1923 has been realized far beyond their ken, for today the Museum is the largest of its kind in this country and is accepted as one of the greatest museums in New York City.

It offers a rich opportunity for New Yorkers and New York visitors to re-live the glamorous past of a great metropolis.

It is *the* album of New York City.

The maxim of the Museum is:

To Do All Things Necessary, Fit Or Suitable To Create A Love For And Interest In All Things Pertaining To The City of New York.

This has been done in such a fascinating fashion that one looks with awe at the visual history dating back to 1606. Let's skip the old portraits, uniforms, silver, furniture, watches, jewelry and start right there — 1606. It's a beautiful diorama of

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miniature groups depicting "Indian Life on Manhattan Island, 1606."

Close by are other similar groupings telling the stories of "The Purchase of Manhattan Island, 1626"; "The Paving of Stone Street, 1659"; "The Surrender of New Amsterdam, 1664"; "The Trial of Nathan Hale, 1776"; "The Inauguration of George Washington, 1789." (And if that date jars the reader, look it up. It *was* 1789.)

There are many other beautiful groupings. In this same room is the topographical model of New Amsterdam in 1660 showing the streets and houses of the city at that early date.

LET'S GO to the ground floor. Here is a gallery devoted to the thrilling history of the New York Fire Department from the days when it was an organization made up of volunteer firemen to the present paid department. The kids can try on (for size) hats worn by firemen more than a century ago. They can look with wonder upon a "Gooseneck" handpumper of 1812 and maybe even sit in "Old Number Six," one of the most famous fire engines in New York's history.

"Old Number Six," put into service in 1851, is a beautifully decorated "double deck" handpumper. On the front is painted a tiger's head — the origin of the insignia of Tammany Hall. A series of models shows the development of the fire engine from 1731, and prints and paintings tell the story of the great fires of New York.

Love the water — and ships? The marine exhibit, "The Sea and the City," will intrigue even a landlubber. It depicts the growth of the city as interpreted by the activity of its port — from Dutch kaag and sloop to ocean superliners. The importance of this cannot be overstressed since, primarily, the sea made the city — and incidentally most of the fortunes of its citizens before 1860. From its very beginning as a trading post founded by early seventeenth century Dutch, New York has netted the main part of her prosperity from the sea.

This nautical history from 1653 to date is revealed in ship models, old-time marine instruments, historic naval flags, and etchings and pictures of the harbor and the ships that rode its waters. Dominating the exhibition is a large display window in which 13 ship models of historic vessels are set at the same water line as if riding at anchor in New York harbor, against a background showing a silhouette of the *S. S. United States*, all made to the same scale (¼ inch to the foot) so that the relative size of the craft can be compared, with startling results — the *United States* dwarfing all the others. The models include, among a great many others:

Half Moon — This 80-ton ship, under command of Hendrik Hudson, was sent out by the Dutch East India Company from Amsterdam,

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April 4, 1609, to discover a northeasterly passage to China and thence to India. Failing to find this route, he turned his vessel first westward, then southward and eventually entered the river which bears his name.

Caesar — A 100-gun, line-of-battle ship that saw action against the Colonies in the American Revolution and served to bottle up commerce in the blockade of the Port of New York.

Basilisk — A bomb ketch used by the French in their aid to the small New York Colonial Navy.

Experiment — She was a tiny thing — a 60-foot hull of bravado against the long haul around the Cape of Good Hope from New York to Canton. Carrying a crew of 15 men and boys and a cargo of ginseng, Spanish "pieces of eight" and furs, she made the voyage from New York (1785–86) in four months and 12 days. Chinese officials found it hard to believe that such a small ship could have made the long and hazardous journey. But the little *Experiment* was a brave wedge in the great door of Oriental trade for in her pioneering wake came the greater wind ships, the fabulous clippers and packets.

Clermont — One historic day in 1807, there was a new sight and sound on the Hudson as a vessel with large paddles churned through the water at an unbelievable six knots, belching black smoke and fiery sparks. It had been called "Fulton's Folly" when she was being

built on the North River, but on her departure for Albany, August 17, 1807, a goodly crowd turned out to cheer and jeer. The *Clermont* made the journey in 34 hours. (NOTE: Fulton did *not* build the first steamboat.)

THERE are many, many other models, but when one stands beside that of the U. S. frigate, *Constitution*, blood courses faster and there is a deeper realization that "this is my own, my native land." The *Constitution* was launched in Boston, October 31, 1797. When American ships in the Mediterranean suffered seriously from the depredations of Tripoli pirates in 1803–04, our young Navy sent the *Constitution* into the stronghold of the Barbary Coast with telling effect.

Years later when New York was blockaded by the British in the War of 1812 and the commerce of the city was at a standstill, the *Constitution*, again on the high seas, bore the brunt of battle. Her capture of the *HMS Guerrière* and *Java*, earned

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for her the name of "Old Ironsides." She became the symbol of the power, the glory and the dignity of the nation.

Then came the bad days. In 1830, the Navy ordered her broken up. Reading the announcement in a newspaper, a young law student, in a fire of indignation, dashed off a poem, first published in the *Boston Advertiser*, and later published throughout the land. The first verse —

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down
Long has it waved on high
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout
And burst the cannon's roar
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

The law student was Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The Navy was flooded with letters protesting the order to scrap the frigate. Here was proof indeed of the nationwide esteem in which the *Constitution* was held. Congress revoked the order to break her up and appropriated the necessary repair funds. The new dock at the Boston Navy Yard had just been completed and, on June 24, 1833, "Old Ironsides" put in for reconditioning. She is still afloat after 158 years, the pride and joy of tourists to Boston.

In the galleries, there is on exhibit two of the most important objects of naval memorabilia in America — objects which reveal a little-known story about the *Constitution* and President Andrew Jackson. One is the figurehead of Andrew Jackson which for many years adorned the bow of the *Constitution*. The other is his decapitated head.

The story? In the spring of 1833, President Jackson appointed Captain Jesse D. Elliott commandant of the Boston Navy Yard. At the time Elliott took over, President Jackson was in Boston and Bostonians gave "Old Hickory" an enthusiastic welcome. Elliott, happy over the reception given the President, got an idea — he'd have a figurehead of Jackson carved to replace the billethead the *Constitution* was then carrying at her bow.

The Navy approved Elliott's idea. Laban S. Beecher, a noted woodcarver of Boston, was commissioned to do an heroic figure of the President in a long-flowing cape and white trousers, carrying a high hat in one hand and in the other, a scroll inscribed with the words, "The Union — it must be preserved."

When the news leaked out, Boston was outraged. The chief question on many lips was, "Why associate Jackson, an army man, with a ship which holds the memories of our old sailors?" Vituperative indignation was expressed by the newspapers. There were meetings and bonfires. Effigies of the President were burned on the Commons. Beecher was even offered $20,000 by a group of citizens if they might be permitted to carry off the figurehead at night.

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One night, when Beecher could no longer stand the pressure, the figurehead was removed, under heavy guard, to the Naval Station, where it was finished and on April 28, 1834 — again under heavy guard — placed at the bow of the *Constitution*. "Old Ironsides" was moored between the *Columbus* and the *Independence* and sentinels were placed on the three ships where they could keep the figurehead in view.

Then a strange thing happened! On July 4, 1834, the *Boston Courier* reported: "There was considerable excitement in the city yesterday in consequence of the decapitation of the figure of General Jackson . . ."

This is what happened: Captain Samuel Dewey, an adventurous, anti-Jacksonian just returned from a West Indies voyage, overheard a remark by one William Lincoln to the effect that he [Lincoln] would give $100 to see the head of Jackson cut from the figurehead. Dewey watched for an opportunity. The night of July 3 was a stormy one. Equipped with a saw, two gimlets and rope (as he later confessed, laughingly), Dewey crossed the Charles River in a small boat. The sentinels had taken refuge below from the storm. Dewey pulled up at the bow of the *Constitution*, swung himself up by a rope thrown over the bobstays and crept out under the bowsprit. Flat on his back, he sawed away at each clap of thunder.

Dewey finally succeeded in the decapitation and in lowering the head into his boat, which was almost swamped with water, but he succeeded in getting it to shore. With the head in a coffee sack, he walked through the streets of Boston and collected his reward.

There was too much popular sentiment in favor of the deed to bring punishment to the culprit although it was common knowledge who had done the job. The head was subsequently carried in triumph to Washington by Dewey and surrendered to Secretary of the Navy Mahlon Dickerson. In the meantime, a new head had been carved and attached to the President's body on the billethead. The Museum acquired the old figurehead and the decapitated head, both of which are today on exhibition.

ONE OF THE greatest exhibitions at the Museum is "New York Comes of Age, 1789–1825," giving the flavor of the life of the city from Washington's inauguration to the opening of the Erie Canal. This so-called "Federal Period," extending from the first critical years of the new nation to the time when America could claim a place with the great countries, stands as one of the richest, most vital and eventful periods in American history. It was during these years that New York developed from an English colonial town into the metropolis of the Western Hemisphere.

To highlight the diverse aspects of this exciting era in New York, the

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exhibition features three interiors and a large main gallery. The three rooms are a hall of 1815, a dining room of 1790–1800, and a bedroom of 1810–1820, with authentic settings made realistic with costumed figures. The special gallery is arranged with alcoves devoted to costumes, silver, china, jewelry, architecture, literature, music, the theater and maritime history. Paintings, prints, portraits and sculpture contribute to the historical scope.

The actual paneled door, stairway, arch and woodwork from a New York house built about 1814 is used to re-create a hall in a fashionable home in the young metropolis. A pair of console tables, probably by Charles Honore Lannuier, are among the outstanding pieces of furniture. Together with a graceful hanging lamp and rich Aubusson rug, the setting is framed by the elegant arch, ornate with its acanthus-leaf carved woodwork.

Within the hall (behind glass, of course) are seven figures. Arrayed in their latest finery, they are gathering for a ball tendered Lafayette on his visit to New York in 1824. One gentleman is wearing the dress suit worn by Governor DeWitt Clinton at the ceremony of the opening of the Erie Canal.

The Dining Room (1790–1800) is most striking. The table is set for dinner — formal with silver, glassware and French red-bordered china. Of especial interest is the damask tablecloth, made in the late eighteenth century for Killiaen van Rensselaer. A woven design depicts ladies and gentlemen in traveling costume and a stagecoach and horses.

A handsome silver epergne, belonging originally to Mrs. Philip Schuyler, graces the center of the table. At one end of the room is a marble mantlepiece, typical of the period, with dancing figures in low relief. Opposite is a Sheraton sideboard. A large crystal chandelier, French clock and rich red curtains complete the décor. A lady dressed in an Empire gold silk gown, two children and a maid in calico with mob cap afford reality to the scene.

FEATURED in the Bedroom (1810–1820) is one of the most beautiful Duncan Phyfe four-posters in existence. Its graceful simplicity, covered with white embroidered spread, sets the key for the room — a room re-creating the period, perhaps, of America's greatest achievement in furniture style. A Sheraton-type chest, a wing chair, bedside table, dressing stand, two Duncan Phyfe side chairs, and a wash stand with china bowl and pitcher, complete the furnishings.

A lady wearing a white dressing gown with a frill around the neck and extending down the front, holds the hand of a little girl in identical attire. Another lady seated in the wing chair is dressed for the morning in white mull. A small baby in matching costume adds to the pic-

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ture (probably proving there is nothing new in mama-and-daughter, dress-alike clothing).

The Main Gallery, designed with an unusual open colonnade in an oval pattern, re-creates in color and form the spirit of classicism of the Federal Period. Set off by the colonnade are six alcoves, each highlighting a facet of the full New York life of the day. For example, the chinaware exhibited illustrates the great emphasis placed on imported items specially made-to-order. The so-called "Lowestoft" manufactured in China for the American market is shown with china and glass from France and England.

Another alcove shows costumes and accessories. These followed the French styles which were the vogue in New York shortly before 1800 and through the next 30 years. Outstanding costumes are two silk taffeta gowns which were worn to Washington's Inaugural Ball, May 7, 1789. One, of Empire style, was the latest of fashion; the second was worn by Mrs. Anthony Walton White, wife of Washington's aide.

Another alcove devoted to music and the theater emphasizes the early development of the theater in New York, which became the nation's entertainment capital during the Federal Period. The activities of the Park Theater and the John Street Theater, a favorite of Washington's and the city's first, are traced through the many performances of noted productions by famous actors, both native and English, by the actual playbills, playbooks and songs.

There are countless hundreds of delights in the Museum — such as old-time toys, uniforms, two rooms from the old John D. Rockefeller house, prints, paintings — and there are always special exhibitions: And as the barker would say — "It's free!"

And now — The Ghost! For the Museum *has* a Ghost.

The new (and present) home was formally opened on January 11, 1932. The opening day was marked by a strange and memorable event.

The night before, the marble floors had been scrubbed white and spotless. But the next morning when the guards and Museum personnel arrived to be sure everything was in order for the ceremonies of the day, it was discovered that leading through the entrance door, through the first floor corridor and into a gallery which featured a miniature group depicting the surrender of New Amsterdam by Peter Stuyvesant, the peppery peg-legged governor of the Dutch colonists, there was —

A trail of a single foot print, and a smudge such as could have been made by a piece of wood. It was a one-way track. How the tracks arrived there remained a mystery; none of the guards were able to explain.

The curators of the Museum will tell you that Peter Stuyvesant returned home.

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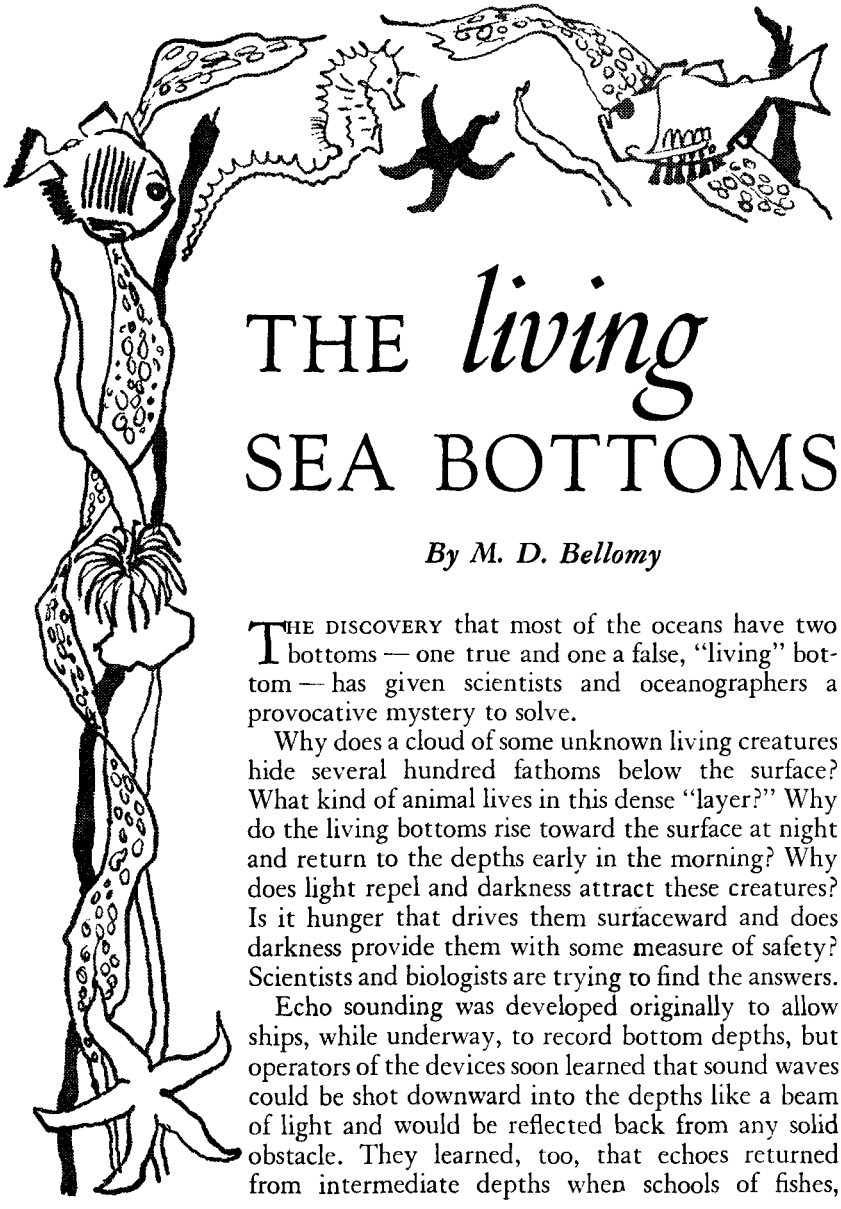

THE *living* SEA BOTTOMS

By M. D. Bellomy

THE DISCOVERY that most of the oceans have two bottoms — one true and one a false, "living" bottom — has given scientists and oceanographers a provocative mystery to solve.

Why does a cloud of some unknown living creatures hide several hundred fathoms below the surface? What kind of animal lives in this dense "layer?" Why do the living bottoms rise toward the surface at night and return to the depths early in the morning? Why does light repel and darkness attract these creatures? Is it hunger that drives them surfaceward and does darkness provide them with some measure of safety? Scientists and biologists are trying to find the answers.

Echo sounding was developed originally to allow ships, while underway, to record bottom depths, but operators of the devices soon learned that sound waves could be shot downward into the depths like a beam of light and would be reflected back from any solid obstacle. They learned, too, that echoes returned from intermediate depths when schools of fishes,

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whales or submarines were encountered, with a second echo returning from the bottom.

By 1938, echo sounding had developed to the point where commercial fishermen were seriously considering the use of sounding equipment to locate schools of herring. Then World War II put a damper on these operations. Underwater sounding was placed under strict security regulations.

The wartime fleet was equipped with the most sensitive underwater acoustic devices. But, to the amazement of nearly everyone concerned, it was discovered that without a thorough knowledge of marine depths and undersea life it was nearly impossible to operate effectively the delicate listening device, the supersensitive submarine detecting gear, the acoustic mine mechanism and the terrific homing torpedo. Unfortunately, the activities of marine life were almost as mysterious to that streamlined navy as they had been to the men who manned the *Niña*, the *Pinta*, and the *Santa Maria*.

War research agencies immediately started investigations in all directions and covering nearly all phases of marine life. In 1946, the Navy Department reported that several scientists had discovered a widespread "layer" of some unknown material or substance in deep water off the coast of California and that this "layer" returned echoes to the surface. The "layer" was seemingly suspended between the surface and the bottom of the ocean at a distance of from 1,000 to 1,500 feet below the surface.

This discovery actually had been made in 1942 and was called the ECR layer after its discoverers — scientists Eyring, Christensen and Raitt. Announcement was withheld from the public for four years, for no one was sure the information could not in some way be used against the United States and her allies.

Little was known about the layer until about three years after its discovery. In 1945, Martin W. Johnson of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography contributed the first clue to its nature. He discovered that the reflecting layer moved rhythmically upward and downward with the coming and going of darkness. Apparently the layer could not endure light rays. During the daylight hours, it was to be found just below the farthermost point to which sunlight will penetrate sea water. With the coming of darkness, it shot upward, sometimes at a rate of 40 to 50 feet per minute, to a depth only a few hundred feet below the surface.

Prior to Johnson's discovery, it was believed by some that the reflections were being returned by inanimate objects, possibly a physical discontinuity in the water, but there was doubt no longer. The layer was composed of living creatures.

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ATTEMPTS have been made to sample or to photograph the layer but they have been unsuccessful. The little that is known has been pieced together from the frequency of the sound waves echoed by them. However, three theories have been advanced regarding the nature of such life. Each has a substantial following.

According to the theorists, the sea's living bottoms may consist of fishes, of squids, or of small planktonic shrimps. Each theory has some evidence in its favor.

The plankton theory has for its most convincing argument the well-known fact that some plankton creatures make regular vertical migrations. These sometimes extend for hundreds of feet, rising surfaceward when the sun sinks and streaking downward with the first rays of morning light. This exactly coincides with the behavior of the false sea bottoms.

Adherents to the fish theory believe that the construction of the air bladder of a fish makes it the marine object most likely to be capable of returning echoes. They account for the up-and-down migrations with the premise that the fishes are feeding on planktonic organisms. This theory seems impractical, for the reason that, to date, there is no evidence of concentrations of fishes anywhere in deep oceanic basins. Our knowledge of the behavior of fishes would have to be amended if it were found that the living sea bottoms are composed of fishes.

Proponents of the squid theory submit that squid are abundant in all oceans. Research has proved that squids form the exclusive diet of the bottle-nosed whale and that they are a major portion of the diet of other toothed whales and seals. Therefore, none can dispute their abundance. The squid theorists are convinced that the reflecting layer is made up of concentrations of these animals "hovering below the illuminated zone of the sea and awaiting the arrival of darkness in which to resume their raids into the plankton-rich surface waters."

The mystery of the living sea bottoms may be solved when technical difficulties of deep-water photography are improved. One marine biologist used a specially constructed camera in 20 and 30 fathoms of water and, when his film was developed, he found he had moving shapes of fishes at a distance, and one large, recognizable cod hovered right in front of the lens.

Exploration of the ocean depths with television is another possibility, but further development and improved techniques are required before such a venture can succeed.

While the living sea bottoms have never impeded navigation, they are considered a mysterious nuisance and they do hamper underwater sound devices greatly. Until this mystery is solved, science will not abandon the project.

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C. D. BATCHELOR'S CARTOON

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In the MERCURY'S OPINION

by **RUSSELL MAGUIRE**

NEW YORK's Waldorf-Astoria has a unique distinction. It is the home of the two most distinguished living Americans — ex-President Hoover and General MacArthur.

These men, more than any others in the nation, have come to symbolize all that our nation stands for and hopes to preserve. Their advice should be heeded.

Had this nation listened to them, we would not have followed the blind and unsound leadership that has brought us to our present state of confusion and lack of confidence at home and abroad.

Both men fearlessly spoke their minds. Our nation slumbered, being brainwashed by an internationally minded press, radio and television.

General MacArthur last year gave this nation more solid facts and sound advice. Again we have Mr. Hoover giving us the facts of life.

The former President is the head of the Hoover Commission on Organization of the Executive Branch of the Government. It came into existence five years ago. During the first two years, over 70% of the recommendations of the Commission were adopted with a resultant large saving to the American taxpayer.

Later, Mr. Hoover was persuaded to head a second group, with added power and armed with information the prior Commission had gathered.

Nearly a dozen reports have been submitted; others are in work. But despite the claim that if these reports were made operative, the budget could be balanced, there is little being done to get the recommendations approved. Our citizens are being denied the benefits available.

Both the President and the Congress should immediately act on the recommendations of the Hoover Commission. The people of this country will not accept weak reasons why the recommendations are not being put into operation with the resultant saving of money and increased efficiency in government.

What *are* the reasons for this delay? A committee of the Congress might well make this subject a matter of official inquiry.

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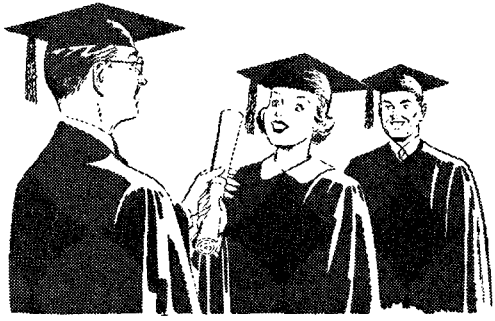

by
Robert J. Piper

Where Do We Go From Here?

THE TIME is 2:30. The day is June 17, 1955. It is commencement day at Falmouth High School in Falmouth, Maine, and I am a member of the graduating class. As my classmates and I sit facing our proud but tearful parents and friends, we wonder. We are wondering about the future and the decisions that confront us.

I wonder if my college days will be interrupted by my military service. This is but one of the problems facing a high school graduate. He will give the United States of America eight years of his life, two of active duty and four in an active reserve unit, and then two years on the inactive reserve list. He will do it gladly and with pride but the problem remains.

This is a lot of time and he must do it when he thinks it will least affect his career. Many start their active reserve work at 17 and therefore will finish their military duty three or four years before I shall.

I didn't do this for two reasons. First, I would have had to go to summer camp for two weeks. This is a requirement of the reservist. This two weeks would have made it impossible for me to keep a steady job during the summer. I don't know of anyone who wants to hire a person for ten weeks and give him a two-week vacation.

Because I need the money from a summer job to get through college, it is impractical for me to serve my time in this way. The second reason is simpler. My family did not approve of my staying out late on a school night because I wanted to join a reserve unit.

A few of the fellows in my class are going into the service before going to college. The reason I'm not doing this is that roughly half of all who enter the service with this intention never follow through with it. They all have good reasons for dropping their plans, but I want to be sure I finish my education first.

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Another reason for deciding against the Armed Forces first is the lapsing of the G.I. Bill. If I could have counted on it to help me through college, I would very likely have gone into the service first.

WHILE the service is a big problem facing a boy at graduation, it is not alone in importance. To go or not to go to college is another big question.

I cannot say that I will like or dislike college life. I know it means a different kind of life. College means hard work, study, and more hard work. I've been told I won't regret all the effort I have made to enter college, and I don't think I ever will.

I wonder about my decision to become a teacher. Is it the right choice? Will I like it, and will I make a good one? This decision, too, will be one of the major actions of my entire life.

There were many other opportunities and I had to weigh many factors before I came to a decision. There was room for thought in each job I considered. I sought information from those already employed in the various occupations I was considering. But after all my research, and after all I was told, the final decision was up to me. I chose teaching. I believe I am right.

I wonder what my part will be in the future of our nation. We of today's graduating class are on the threshold of a new world. It is a world of possible destruction. It is also, we hope, a world of peace. Where will we fit into it? What will our part be in the over-all plan? No one can answer these questions now, but it is an even bet that our class, and all the graduating classes of the "50's" will be in the thick of the battle for a lasting peace or a tragic war.

I wonder about the government of my country. Is it the best we can make it? Will our people strive for a better one? Don't misunderstand me by taking those questions wrongly. They aren't meant to show a doubt in my country, but rather of knowing and understanding the need for future improvement. True, our country is the greatest in the world in industry, in just plain living, and in government. But there is need for betterment, even in the best of things. I wonder if my generation of Americans will reach new heights, or will we just sit back and let things go. The world won't stand still, other nations won't stand still, and I don't think we can either.

I wonder about my country's leaders, and I wonder why they are leaders. I wonder how they became leaders, and why our parents chose them. I also wonder why I can't help choose them, why I have to be 21 before I am considered old enough to vote. Sure, I know, after my argument for the eighteen-year-old voting age is heard, some of the older folk will say it is just the usual story. It may be old hat, but it is also very logical. A boy of eighteen

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is asked by the government to work for it. In this line of work he can be killed. Remember, he's only eighteen. In this job he may see blood, brutality. And remember, he's only eighteen. In his work he can be ordered to kill another human, and he will. But remember, he's only eighteen.

A boy has to do these things. He has to because it's the law. But who makes the law? The government. And who is the government? It's a group of men and women who are elected by men and women over twenty-one, to write the laws. And these boys of eighteen help preserve the right to vote for Americans over twenty-one, so that they may elect more government personnel who can ask more eighteen-year-olds to go to work for them. It's a circle, a circle with the main participants left to drift in their own orbit, unable to change or help change their course.

I wonder about this thing called graduation, this occasion where my classmates and I are guests of honor. It seems to be a curtain that is opening and closing at the same time. Closing on a part of our life that was full of work, play, and many happy moments. Yet while closing on that part of life, it is opening on a future that shows promise of many happy and prosperous times.

THE CLOCK shows 3:40 and the ceremonies are drawing to a close. It won't be long before 12 years of schooling will be behind me. I'm getting sort of an empty feeling. I know better things are coming along, but it's kind of hard to leave my little raft and swim by myself. The principal is reading the list of names.

Am I ready? I've been 12 years waiting and preparing for this. I must be ready.

Whatever happens I know I am a fortunate boy. I live in a free land where all may worship as they see fit, say what they please and breathe the air of a nation God-fearing and strong and wonderful.

Now it is up to me.

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It Was a Woman's IDEA

By Blanche McKeown

VOLTAIRE is credited with the remark that "there have been many learned women, as there have been splendid women warriors, but there has never been a woman inventor."

The cynical old gentleman died too soon. He should be living today and have to do without everything pertaining to his comfort and well-being that was thought of first by a woman. It is a safe guess that he would be pretty uncomfortable and inconvenienced in many ways.

As a matter of fact, women really were not inventing, or at least they were not getting credit for it, in his day. When the young country of America set up a patent office, long after Voltaire's time, the first patent went to "Thomas Masters, planter, of Pennsylvania, for a new invention for cleaning and curing Indian corn found out by Sybille, his wife." There were undoubtedly other "Sybilles" spending their days in unsung labor with the household affairs and the children, and devising, as they worked, more efficient ways of doing those same chores.

It was 25 years, however, before a patent was actually taken out in the name of a woman, to Mary Kees, for a method of weaving straw with silk or thread. In the following quarter of a century only a dozen or so women patented their inventions.

But the middle of the nineteenth century brought two drastic changes in the lives of women in America. Girls were allowed to attend high school, and women entered many fields that previously had belonged exclusively to men. The results are obvious, sometimes amusingly so. It was a woman who invented, and patented, the Burden process of making horseshoes, by which, in the days of cavalry, the U.S. Army was saved a large sum of money. A woman thought of the collapsible stretcher, and out in Texas, although there was no connection, a woman patented a collapsible tent. Mary Walton of New York City thought of a device for deadening the noise of the elevated railway, which was partially successful.

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Pretty Mary Anderson, plantation-born and -reared, went to New York for a winter visit in 1902. She was appalled to discover that motormen on the streetcars stood in snowy, freezing weather, trying to see through panes of glass that quickly frosted over. This called for a stop and a quick trip to the outside of the car to wipe off the windshield. Soon the process was repeated. To her inquiry as to why some sort of wiper was not installed, she was told that such a device had been tried and found impossible to construct. She went back to Alabama, drew her model, and had a friend who was a lawyer patent it for her. Then she got in touch with a firm that specialized in developing patents. This firm replied that there would be no market for such a device, and since Miss Anderson was not in need of money, she allowed the idea to stop right there.

Another daughter of the Old South followed through on her inventions. In 1937 the Patent Office called Beulah Louise Henry the most prolific woman inventor they had ever had dealings with. If her title has been claimed since, no record shows this. This descendant of Patrick Henry had no knowledge of physics, chemistry or mechanics, but she did know how to dream up things that simplified living. At fifteen, she originated a vacuum ice cream freezer.

In 1925 the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor made a survey of patents for the years 1905–21. They discovered that more than half pertained to domestic appliances and personal articles.

The woman who invented the paper bag with a satchel bottom was offered $20,000 for the idea before she ever left Washington. A woman decided to make detachable collars for her husband's shirts. A woman who had crushed one egg too many developed the little cardboard dividers for the cartons to keep each egg separate. A lady whose mind evidently was on keeping things in shape patented a certain type of corset, and then went West with her husband and patented some machinery that was used in building dams. The wife of a postmaster of Oakland, California thought up the mailbox with the flag up to indicate mail inside to be picked up by the postman. She also patented a lock with 3,000 combinations.

Other women were inventing improvements on war vessels, turning out flares to be used in war, perfecting submarine mines, cartridge carriers, incendiary balls, torpedo guards and similar devices. World War I had apparently shown women what was lacking in mechanized warfare.

One final word on the subject — no one knows for sure who invented the safety pin, but it's ten to one it was not a man.

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THE REDS AND LABOR

By Louis Francis Budenz

Have Nothing in Common

ONE of the famous quips of Artemus Ward, the American humorist, was against those men who are guilty of "knowing so many things that ain't so." Nowhere is this jibe more apt today than at those who confuse Communism with labor, who presuppose that in some way or other the Communists are a part of the legitimate labor movement.

The arrogant declaration by the Reds that their conspiracy is "the party of the working class" and that they are bent on setting up "working class rule" is accepted too largely in many quarters at its face value. This assumption has become one of the great superstitions of our age, leading to all sorts of mischief. With the coming merger of the American Federation of Labor and the Congress of Industrial Organizations, it becomes important to dissipate this superstition. If the 15,000,000 patriotic American workingmen who will be joined together in this future great labor center are inevitably to be linked up with Moscow, then this nation is in a bad way indeed. And so are these workingmen, for they will become mere puppets of an extensive slave labor system.

Each one of the CIO committees which recommended the expulsion of the Red-ruled unions in 1950 thoroughly cut through this nonsense. In every one of the committee reports, we find the following paragraph or one similar to it:

> The committee finds that the fundamental purpose of the Communist Party is to promote the interests of the Soviet Union. It finds that, although the Communist Party has claimed to champion unionism and organization, it has always done so in order to carry on Communist work

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> within trade unions and in order to pervert their policies to the advantage of the Soviet Union. The Communist Party, the committee finds, does not believe in trade unions. It believes in using trade unions. And it believes in using them for the purposes of the Soviet Union.

Despite this forthright statement by the labor center which was most plagued with Communist infiltration, the myth persists that Communism and the trade union movement are inter-connected. This myth leads to two erroneous attitudes. Those men and women who want to be "pro-labor" but who are out of touch with reality — and this applies particularly to certain members of the academic community — spend more of their time in defending and promoting the Communist line than in actually defending the labor movement. In some vague way, they consider that line to be of advantage to "the workers."

On the other hand, there are those who are against the unions who confuse opposition to these unions with opposition to Communism. They detect "a concealed collectivist" in anyone who champions the workers' right to organize and who is thereby refuting the bankrupt laissez faire theory of extreme individualism.

Unless we all refuse to fall victim to these views, we shall play into the hands of the Soviet fifth column. We will give aid and comfort to the latest maneuver of Moscow's agents in this country, which is re-infiltration on a large scale of the legitimate trade union movement. This attempted re-entry into the AF of L and CIO is being advanced under two types of arguments: The one, that the Communist line is actually the line of "labor" and the other that any attack on the Communists inevitably leads to an assault on the trade unions.

THIS SCHEME for getting back fully into "the Right-led unions" was first outlined in a series of directives by one John Swift, a fictitious name for a leading Communist functionary, in *Political Affairs* throughout 1952. It has been brought to an all-high point in a leading article of directives in that Red organ for March 1955.

Assailing President George Meany of the AF of L and President Walter Reuther of the CIO for setting their faces against such Red penetration, the article declares: "The fact that both Reuther and Meany attack the progressive-led independent unions and are seeking to keep them out of the new federation should make those unions all the more determined to find their way back to the main stream of labor."

That is definite enough, and, of course, "the progressive-led independent unions" are those groups completely under Communist control which were rejected by the CIO in 1950. Conspicuous among them are the United Electrical, Radio,

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and Machine Workers Union and the American Communications Association, the latter of which was denounced as Communist-ruled by the counsel for the Defense Department.

The model set up by *Political Affairs* for the re-entry of these "independent unions" into the regular labor movement is the recent "merger" of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen of the AF of L with the International Fur and Leather Workers Union, expelled from the CIO for being under Communist domination.

The leader of the fur and leather workers' group for years was Ben Gold, who acted as president and who was recently convicted of perjury for swearing that he was not a Communist, under the provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act. Alongside Gold in control of this group stood Irving Potash, one of the eleven Communist leaders convicted in the 1949 trial at Foley Square. Potash has now returned to his native Poland "voluntarily" when facing deportation as an undesirable alien.

Abe Feinglass, who now heads the group, is a man who has pleaded the Fifth Amendment when asked about his Communist Party membership and has always zealously followed the pro-Communist program of Gold and Potash. The officers of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen — after all the disastrous experience that the labor movement has had with "mergers" of this character — are very naïve indeed in this present procedure.

They are succumbing to the false idea that the Reds, after all, have some legitimate interest in labor.

THE PRESIDENT of the American Federation of Labor has expressed skepticism about this arrangement and has declared that Communists will not be permitted to function in the Federation. That Mr. Meany is sincere in this stand there can be no doubt. Before the American Society of Newspaper Editors on April 22, he made an address on American foreign policy which deserves wide commendation. There and then he declared that he was opposed to "Communism of any brand — whether Moscow, Mao, or Tito."

But Mr. Meany's good intentions will come to nought if an atmosphere persists in which it is a matter of indifference to many Americans concerning whether Reds and their allies may invade the trade unions and seek to manipulate them for Moscow's purposes.

It is true that a number of labor leaders have been too susceptible to the Communist line, specifically in following the Red lead in "the battle against McCarthyism" and in opposition to any Congressional investigation of subversion in education. It is also true that their declarations in this respect have been recorded in big headlines in the *Daily*

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Worker, to the evident joy of the Soviet fifth column.

But it must be remembered that a number of educators and professional men in other avenues of activity have been even more conspicuous in exhibiting illiteracy about Communism and even more eager to do what the Communists wanted them to do. It will be impossible to have any influence on these labor leaders, in persuading them of the error of their ways on the Communist line, if we begin with the assumption that the international Red conspiracy and the trade unions are interlinked.

Moscow's followers are eager, above all other things, to identify the working class movement with themselves. This contention gives to them their synthetic claim to being the "vanguard" of that working class. It also provides them with an opening to establish cells in the basic industries which can create disruption in our economy when Soviet Russia orders this to be done. That is the whole basis of "the concentration policy" of the Communist Party — the concentration of personnel, funds and attention in those areas where our greatest industries exist. Incidentally, in making their interests apparently identical with those of the working class, Moscow's agents can make a great noise about "being in the forefront of the struggle for labor rights" as a legal defense when on trial for subversion against our government.

As a matter of fact, and this reality has to be brought out boldly, labor and Communism have nothing in common. Throughout the domains under Soviet power, there is not one strike at the present moment, because to strike is an act of treason. The so-called trade unions are merely production machines for exploiting and speeding up the workers. Harry A. Schwartz has presented the true indictment of the Soviet system on this point in the conclusion of his impressive study of *Russia's Soviet Economy:*

> The high hopes once held that the Bolshevik revolution might usher in an era of freedom and abundance have long since been destroyed. Deprived of political liberty, the Soviet masses have received neither economic liberty nor a satisfactory standard of living. Deceived by lies and cowed by the secret police, they are powerless, as the fruits of their toil are diverted to support the new Soviet aristocracy and to maintain the largest military establishment in the world.

Within the United States, the Reds have pursued an equally cynical course toward the trade unions. They have been guided by Stalin's dictum that the labor organizations are among those agencies of "reform" which are to be used as a "screen or cover" for "the illegal activities" of the conspiracy in laying the foundation for the dictatorship by violence. They have acted

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toward the legitimate trade unions accordingly. Whenever the line was changed by Moscow, the Communists here changed in their tactics and alleged attitudes toward our trade unions.

The record speaks for itself. In 1920, V. I. Lenin's *Left Wing Communism* ordered the Reds of the world "to resort to all sorts of devices, maneuvers, and illegal methods, to evasion and subterfuge, in order to penetrate into the trade unions, to remain in them, and to carry on Communist work in them at all costs."

Within a short time, repercussions from these orders were registered here in the United States. In his book, *From Bryan to Stalin*, William Z. Foster attests to the great encouragement he received for the policy of "boring from within" from Lenin's pronouncements. Foster had gone to Moscow in 1920 and had come back a Communist. The Trade Union Educational League, under his leadership, became the American section of the Red International of Labor Unions or the Profintern — actually the arm of the Communist International engaging in the penetration and capture of trade unions.

Under the auspices of the TUEL, but actually under the direction of the Politburo of the American Communist Party, the Reds entered the regular unions and created havoc therein. Disruption and confusion followed in the coal fields. The needle trade unions were turned into a shambles. The International Ladies Garment Workers Union became a mere shell. The Communists raised the cry, "organize the unorganized," but in reality they diverted the American Federation of Labor from organizational work in order to meet this internal menace.

During this period, the Reds brought their full artillery of smear and slander into play. Conservative union leaders were dubbed "fakers, gangsters, yellow bureaucrats."

THE UNIONS, acting in self-defense, began to expel Communists. Some of them, notably the United Mine Workers of America, put into their constitutions provisions that Moscow's followers could not be elected to office or even were debarred from membership.

And then in 1928, the Kremlin's line changed, and with it came a change of tactics on the part of the Communists of the world regarding the trade unions. The Sixth World Congress of the Communist International, held in Moscow that year, laid down that long series of theses and resolutions for the achievement of world revolution which still guides the Stalinites. Depression was setting in, spreading from Eastern Europe, and Stalin intended to take advantage of that difficulty.

The Communists were accordingly ordered to form "unions" under their own direct control, independent of the legitimate labor

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movement and antagonistic to it. This was necessarily a world-wide phenomenon. In France and Italy, the Communists formed their own small "confederations of labor." In the United States, the Trade Union Educational League converted itself obediently in 1929 into the Trade Union Unity League, a supposed rival center to the AF of L.

The Trade Union Unity League did not succeed in forming permanent organizations. With the exception of a few groups, such as the small section of the Steel and Metal Workers Industrial Union under James Matles and the fraction of the Fur Workers under Ben Gold, the alleged Red "unions" were largely skeletons. The local headquarters of these "unions" were generally the Party district office.

Their main operations consisted in attempts to break up strikes of American Federation of Labor Unions, so much so that regular labor organizers came to consider the Communists as much of a nuisance and danger as the labor spy services. But the Reds were training men who would be prepared to step into office when some such development at the CIO would come along.

IN 1935, Stalin's line zigzagged again. The Seventh World Congress became "the United Front Congress." In the immediately preceding years, the Kremlin had built up Hitler in Germany — ordering the German Communists to work with the Nazis against the Catholic Center Party and the Social Democrats. This was on the theory that Hitler would soon collapse. But when he did not do so, Stalin relied upon a new maneuver to destroy his rival for world control. By putting forward the idea of the "United Front," the Master of the Kremlin planned to induce the United States, France and England to pull his chestnuts out of the fire. They would destroy Hitler for the benefit of the Soviet dictatorship.

The unions, as usual, were to be made the puppets and tools of this policy. Throughout the world, the Communists were instructed to dissolve their Red "unions" and return to the regular labor movement. The comrades had been tipped off in advance by Moscow that this move was now necessary, and the Trade Union Unity League responded at once.

Matles and his group entered the International Association of Machinists, where they were welcomed despite the vituperation which they had hurled at the trade union leaders. Gold and his followers "merged" with the International Fur Workers Union of the American Federation of Labor, and within a short time Gold was president of the combined organization. The Transport Workers Union, organized by John Santo, a special Soviet agent went into this country to disrupt the Port of New York, also joined the IAM.

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But scarcely were their seats warm in these AF of L unions before the Reds were moving over into the CIO. Its creation in 1936 gave them the rare opportunity to use the great funds of the United Mine Workers for building up CIO unions under their own Red domination. Before it was over, at least thirteen international unions of the CIO were under Red control.

And that was the picture up until 1950, when a new change in Moscow's line brought the Communists into collision with CIO President Philip Murray, leading to the expulsion of the Red-ruled unions from that body.

This new Stalin line, "the cold war," was in reality the opening of World War III according to the Red dictator's pattern. The United States was denounced by Moscow and its agents as "the center of imperialism, fascism and war," as Soviet Power moved across the globe. By violent coups d'état, military attacks and "negotiations" in the name of peace, to which the United States surrendered, one-third of the world's area passed into Moscow's hands. During all that time, the Red-ruled unions were echoing the vilifications against the United States which poured out of the Soviet capital and were doing all in their power to build up the forces of subversion.

This brief glimpse of recent history shows conclusively that Soviet Russia has no genuine interest in the legitimate trade unions. It is concerned with them solely in order to turn them, if possible, into puppets for Moscow's designs. By infiltration and capture, it hopes now to attain that purpose. There was never a time when American labor was required to be more vigilant against the Reds. There was never a moment in our history when it was more incumbent upon patriotic Americans to understand clearly the difference between the trade unions and Communism.

WHEN YOU CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS

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Entering the captain's cabin, the quartermaster saluted and said, "A message from the admiral, sir."

"Read it," snapped the captain.

The quartermaster read with obvious hesitation, " 'You fool! You congenital idiot! Is it beyond your feeble power to execute a simple order?' "

The captain, reddening, snapped back: "Rush that message below and have it decoded."

— *Home Port*, U.S. NAVAL HOME, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

Actor John Wayne drove warily when he spotted a car carrying a large "OFFICIAL" sticker on the windshield. Closer observation disclosed the fine print read, "American Taxpayer." — WARNER BROTHERS

A celebrity is someone who has worked for years to become famous enough to be recognized and then goes around in dark glasses so no one will know who he is.

When Indiana Governor George Craig was asked if he intends to set a trap for the mouse who lives under his filing cabinet, growing fat off crumbs from lunches: "Hell, no! You're entitled to one friend in this office."

Just returned from summer camp, Willie was enthusiastically describing the many diverting projects in which he had participated.

Mother smiled indulgently, and then asked, "I guess after all, dear, you were rather glad to get back home, weren't you?"

Said Willie, "Well not 'specially, but some of the fellows were — that had dogs."

— *Gas Flame*, INDIANAPOLIS

General W. Bedell Smith, our former ambassador to Russia, cherishes this estimate a friend gave of him: "He's the most even-tempered man I know. He's always mad."

Sir Harry Lauder once went to buy a steak at a meat market. The butcher showed him one and spent five minutes praising it and ended by saying, "It is as tender as a woman's heart."

Thereupon Lauder said, "I'd better take hash."

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A small boy's head bobbed up over the garden wall and a meek little voice said, "Please, Mrs. Black, may I have my arrow?"

"Certainly, where is it?"

"I think it's stuck in your cat."

— *Gas Flame*, INDIANAPOLIS

Comedian Henny Youngman was stopped on the street by a casual acquaintance who asked, "Can you spare $10 till payday?"

"When is payday?" countered Youngman.

"Oh, I don't know," was the reply. "Right now I'm out looking for a job."

A psychologist recommends that dentists tell jokes to their patients. Most of them do, their favorite being, "Now this isn't going to hurt a bit." — WILLIAMSPORT *Grit*

England is always expecting. I guess that's why they call it the Mother Country. — JUDY CANOVA

It ain't the things you don't know that get you into trouble. It's the things you know for sure that ain't so. — GALEN DRAKE (CBS)

A country editor recently observed, "We hear it takes the wool of 20 sheep to clothe a U.S. soldier. It also takes the hides of ten taxpayers."

I'm not playing golf with that cheat Thomson again."

"Why not?"

"Well, how could he find his lost ball a yard from the green when it was in my pocket?"

— *Weekly News*, DUNDEE, SCOTLAND

Technical experts working under a government official were rather annoyed by his red-tape methods. These caused delays which were queried from higher up. The chief called his staff together and told them: "Wherever bottlenecks exist, I demand that you get rid of them."

"Sir," said one of the experts, "having had considerable experience with bottles, it is my observation that the necks are always at the top." — *Answers*, LONDON

The only time you realize you have a reputation is when you're not living up to it. — JOSE ITURBI

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the cure for discouragement

+ BY THE REVEREND BILLY GRAHAM +

ARNOLD TOYNBEE, the great British historian, gave his slogan to the world recently when he said: "Cling, and hope." In other words, he says the storm is raging; all the ideals that we held a few years ago are crumbling, but he advises the human race to cling and hope.

However, there are hundreds of people who day by day find refuge from the storms of life in a living faith in a living God!

To turn to God in a hour like this in the history of the world is much more than a form of escapism. Multiplied thousands of normal, intelligent Americans have tried and proven that a vital relationship with Christ is the most satisfying experience in all the world. They have found that faith in Christ is more than adequate for the moral pressures of this hour.

Governor McKeldin of Maryland told 8,000 Presbyterian men how faith in Christ had given him peace, security and happiness. What Christ has done for the Governor of Maryland, Christ can do for you, if you surrender your will to Him.

Yet some of you who read these lines are held in the vice-like grip of sin's confusion. The despair of loneliness has settled down upon your soul, and at this very moment you are propounding the question: "Is life worth living?"

Recently in New Jersey, a 29-year-old pilot described in harrowing details how a whisky-drinking blonde went berserk in his private plane and tried to jump while 8,000 feet over Philadelphia. The pilot made an emergency landing. The woman leaped from the plane and ran across the field in her bare feet as the police tried to catch her. The police reported that she screamed: "For 21 years my life has been wasted," and talked of a broken romance, and said she wanted to end it all.

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To scores of people who write every week to our office in Minneapolis, life has ceased to be worth living. To all of you I have good news. God did not create you to be a defeated, discouraged, frustrated, wandering soul, seeking in vain for peace of heart and peace of mind. He has bigger plans for you. He has a larger orb and a greater life for you. The answer to your problem, however great, is as near as your Bible; as simple as first-grade arithmetic; and as real as your heartbeat.

The Bible says: "In all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." (*Romans 8:37*)

The Bible teaches that "Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world: and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." (*I John 5:4*)

Upon the authority of God's word, I declare unto you that Christ is the answer to every baffling perplexity which plagues mankind. In Him is found the cure for care, a balm for bereavement, a healing for our hurts, and a sufficiency for our insufficiency.

THOUSANDS have found Christ to be the answer for their loneliness. You may be in a great city like New York or Los Angeles, but you are lonely in the midst of the crowd.

Rupert Brooke was sailing from Liverpool to New York, and noticing that everyone had friends to bid them farewell except him, was overcome with a feeling of loneliness. Then he noticed a little dirty-faced boy on the wharf. He rushed down and said: "Young man, do you want to earn sixpence?"

The little fellow nodded in the affirmative.

"Then wave to me when the boat goes."

Brooke said he never forgot this little urchin who, waving with a dirty handkerchief, took from him his loneliness.

Many of you are living lives of unbearable loneliness. The world to you is shut off and you are shut out. Social barriers have prevented you from doing what you wish to do. Personality barriers thwart and hinder you. You live in a world of blighting solitude. Or perhaps your companion of many years has suddenly been taken away, and you are left alone in a big, empty house. Loneliness is no respecter of persons. It invades the palace as well as the hovel.

Queen Victoria said after the death of her husband Albert: "There is no one left to call me 'Victoria.' " Even though she was a queen, she knew the pain of loneliness.

Many turn to drink because of loneliness. Others lose their sanity because of loneliness. Many commit suicide because of the despair of loneliness.

But Christ said: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." (*Matthew 28:20*)

The Hebrew children were not

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alone when they were hurled into the fiery furnace of persecution. There was one with them like unto the Son of God.

Moses wasn't alone in the Midean Desert when God came to comfort him and call him to a wider ministry. Elijah wasn't alone at the cave when God came near and spoke with the still, small voice.

Paul and Silas were not alone in the Philippian jail when God came down and gave them a song at midnight.

Whoever you are, Christ can give you comfort and companionship.

Whatever color, race, or creed, your heart yearnings are the same. The lonely, aching spot can be filled by Christ if you will open your heart and let Him in.

SECONDLY, He is the answer to sorrow. When Harry Lauder, the great Scottish comedian, received word that his son had been killed in France, he said: "In a time like this, there are three courses open to man: He may give way to despair and become bitter. He may endeavor to drown his sorrow in drink or in a life of wickedness. Or he may turn to God."

In your sorrow today, I beg of you — turn to God.

The Apostle Paul who suffered as much as any person who ever lived, said: "And the Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me unto His heavenly kingdom, unto Whom be glory forever and ever." (*II Tim. 4:18*) Diseased, afflicted, scarred, bruised, and battered by persecution, he held no bitterness, but found in Christ a sufficiency for sorrow.

I once heard of a man who walked along a road tired, weary and discouraged. He could hardly put one foot ahead of another. A neighbor overtook him in a wagon and invited him to ride with him. As they started down the road, his neighbor noticed that the tired, weary man still carried a heavy sack of grain on his back.

"Put that down," he said. "You don't need to carry that."

The tired man said: "Oh, it's enough for you to carry me, let alone this sack of grain."

There are thousands of you who have turned to God, but you are still carrying your burdens, when God begs of you: "Cast all your care on Me, for I care for you."

You who must go through the valley of the shadow of death, you who must say goodbye to those whom you have loved, you who suffer privation and misery, you who are unjustly persecuted, take courage. Our Christ is more than adequate for sorrow.

Thirdly, Christ is the answer to suffering. Sickness, sorrow and sin all contain the hiss of the serpent and are the result of the fall of man in the garden.

Sickness is a by-product of transgression; but that by no means indicates that Christians are never af-

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flicted. The Bible says: "Many are the afflictions of the righteous." (*Psa. 34:19*)

Job was afflicted; Paul had an infirmity; Lazarus was sick; and good people down across the centuries have been promised no immunity from disease and infirmity. Scores of people write every month and ask me: "Why do Christians suffer?" Rest assured that there is a reason for Christian people being afflicted. One reason why God's people suffer, according to the Bible, is that it is a disciplinary, chastening and molding process.

The Bible says: "Thou shalt also consider in thine heart, that, as a man chasteneth his son, so the Lord thy God chasteneth thee." (*Deut. 8:5*)

Again the Scripture says: "Blessed is the man whom Thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of Thy law." (*Psa. 94:12*)

Again the Scripture says: "For whom the Lord loveth He correcteth; even as a father, the son in whom he delighteth." (*Prov. 3:12*)

From these Scriptures we learn that the chastening of affliction is a step in the process of our full and complete development. It is a love tap from our Heavenly Father to show us that we have wandered from the pathway of duty.

AFFLICTION can also be a means of refining and purification. Many a life has come from the furnace of affliction more beautiful and more useful. We would never have had the songs of Fanny Crosby had she not been afflicted with blindness. George Matthison would have never given the world his immortal song, "O Love That Will Not Let Me Go," had it not been for his passing through the furnace of affliction. The "Hallelujah Chorus" was written by Handel when he was poverty-stricken and suffering from a paralyzed right side and right arm.

Job, who was called upon to suffer as few men have suffered, said: "But He knoweth the way that I take: when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." (*Job 23:10*)

Affliction is the blast furnace in which saints are smelted. It is in the midst of adversity that their true worth is revealed.

The Bible says: "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." (*II Cor. 4:17*)

Again, affliction may be for our edification and Christian development.

The other day a doctor told me that the man who had fought disease all his life would better be able to resist it than the man who had never been sick a day in his life. "It's the fellows who have never been sick who die in a hurry," he said.

David said: "Before I was afflicted, I went astray; but now have I kept Thy word." (*Psalm 119:67*)

Your sick room can become a spiritual gymnasium where your soul

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is exercised and developed. Sickness is one of the "all things" which work together for good to them that love God. Don't resent it. Don't be embittered by it. You that are lying on hospital beds realize today that it is the love-stroke of a loving Heavenly Father who loves you so much He will not pamper you but will bring all things for your ultimate good.

FOURTHLY, Christ is the answer to sadness and discouragement. This is a world of thwarted hopes, broken dreams and frustrated desires.

T. K. Chesterton says: "Everywhere there is speed, noise and confusion, but nowhere deep happiness and quiet hearts."

A Hollywood columnist wrote recently about a famous movie star: "The bright, carefree radiance has gone from her pretty face."

Christ can take discouragement and despondency out of your life. He can put a spring in your step and give you a thrill in your heart and a purpose in your mind. Optimism and cheerfulness are products of knowing Christ.

The Bible says: "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones." (*Prov. 17:22*)

If the heart has been attuned to God through faith in Christ, then its overflow will be joyous optimism and good cheer.

Christ is the wellspring of happiness. He is the fountainhead of joy. Here is the Christian's secret of joy: "Whom having not seen, ye love; in Whom though now ye see not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." (*I Peter 1:8*)

And, lastly, Christ is the answer to the problem of sin. The Bible says: "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." (*Romans 3:23*) The Bible indicates that all the troubles of the world stem from the fact that men have broken the laws of God. There is a penalty to God's broken law, and that penalty is eternal death and banishment from His presence. However, the Scripture says that in Christ we have "redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace." (*Eph. 1:7*)

The Bible again says: "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." (*I John 1:9*)

Do you have a smiting conscience today because of sin in your life? Have you had that uncomfortable feeling that you are not in tune with God?

Has the Holy Spirit been convicting you of the fact that you have broken the laws of God and need a Savior?

Why not open your heart's door and let Christ come into your life? "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (*John 3:16*)

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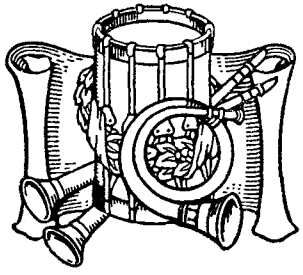
The Liberty Bell of Illinois



BY

VIC RUSSELL

THE Liberty Bell in Philadelphia is known and revered throughout our country and in many foreign lands as well. Little known, however, is a similar bell at an historic spot at Kaskaskia, Illinois. Older than the Liberty Bell, it, too, has a crack in it and is mellow with traditions.

The Kaskaskia Bell is in a small brick shrine on an island in the Mississippi River, some seventy miles south of St. Louis, Missouri. The island wasn't always an island. In 1844 the Mississippi cut a new channel, in one of the worst floods in its history, and the island was created. It is the only part of the state of Illinois which is west of the Mississippi River.

The island is about seven miles long and is rich in farm land. The only access to the island is over a narrow bridge from the Missouri side at the small village of St. Marys. The original town of Kaskaskia was washed away in a fierce flood in 1881, and nothing stands there except a tumble-down brick shack.

The new village of Kaskaskia is about three miles south of the first town site. The island is completely surrounded by a high levee to keep out the flood waters of the Mississippi, which encloses it on all sides. About 600 persons live on the 14,000 acres making up the island, with 150 of them in the village.

The Kaskaskia Bell was cast in France in 1741, eleven years before the Philadelphia bell was cast in England. King Louis XV presented the Kaskaskia Bell to the colonists

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of the settlement. The inscription on the bell reads: "For the people of Illinois for their worship."

That was before the prevalence of clocks and watches, and the bell was used to bring workers from the fields as well as to call the people to worship.

To bring the 600-pound bell from France to Kaskaskia was a difficult task, and it required two years to get it to the colony. It was loaded on a barge at New Orleans and men using tow lines from the bank pulled the barge up the Mississippi.

THE Kaskaskia bell was tolled under the flags of three countries: France, England and the United States. When the great flood of 1844 destroyed almost everything at Kaskaskia, the bell was lost. In 1918, workmen discovered its silt-covered resting place and it was taken to the new town site, to be used again after being buried for 74 years.

Six years ago the State of Illinois erected a brick building, 20-by-30 feet, where the bell of Kaskaskia will hang and be honored from now on.

Kaskaskia was the first state capital of Illinois, 1818–1819. There, too, the first newspaper in Illinois was published, in 1814. This little colony was making history a full hundred years before Illinois became a state.

There is a legend which has followed the rise and fall of the settlement for nearly 200 years. In the days when Indians made up most of the population, one of the Indian braves — the story goes — fell in love with a French maiden and wanted to marry her. The French settlers were so enraged that they set the Indian adrift on a raft.

Indians gathered on the river bank and stood watching, chanting a curse on the settlement. "May the sacred spot on which your altars stand be destroyed. May your crops be failures and your homes ruined and washed away. May your dead be disturbed in their graves and your lands be a feeding ground for fishes."

All these things have come to Kaskaskia.

Today, more than 3,000 old French manuscripts are preserved at the county seat in Chester, Illinois. Dates on the documents go back as far as May 6, 1747, relating records of land transactions.

Historians have written that Fathers Marquette and Jolliet in 1675 established the first mission for Kaskaskian Indians, a branch of the Algonquin tribe. That was the site of the original Kaskaskia. In 1676 it was estimated the Indian population was around 7,000.

Now, the Kaskaskia Bell is the only thing left to remind the people of the French struggle in the middle west, long before the Revolutionary War and the ringing of the Liberty Bell at Philadelphia.

In fact, the people of Kaskaskia settlement didn't even know about the Revolutionary War until 1788, and then it was over.

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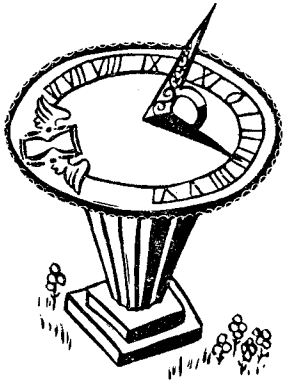

By
HAROLD LORD
VARNEY

We ARE LOSING THE BATTLE FOR TIME IN THE Far East

THE CHINESE have the singular custom of dubbing each year with a zoological name. Were Americans to follow this practice, 1955 would undoubtedly go down in the history books as the year of the ostrich.

Never have American policies *vis-à-vis* Communism been more ostrich-like. It has been the year of the fade-out of the Cold War. It has been the year when our top statesmen, in a pitiable loss of nerve, have apparently decided to exchange a Communist tomorrow for our children, for an ignoble peace of coexistence for ourselves today.

Unless deterred by a grassroots protest of such magnitude as to frighten them out of their jellyfish mood, our Washington blunderers appear to be headed toward such a dishonorable deal with Communism at the forthcoming Four Power Conference.

That the American people are being softened up for such a retreat by high-level publicists who usually speak for the internationalist interests has long been apparent.

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Coexistence, only recently a byword, has been dusted off and deodorized and transformed into a glowing slogan. Even the President himself has been persuaded to proclaim himself a coexistencist. "Liberation," which was so bravely pledged in the 1952 Republican platform, has become a suspect word in Washington.

The pell mell rush of both Republican and Democratic leaders for what they consider the vote-rewarding "peace" side is one of the most obscene spectacles which the Capitol has witnessed since Alger Hiss. But it is happening. Panmunjom is about to be repeated on a world scale.

What is blindly overlooked in this whole Gadarene swine performance is that we are doing precisely what Russia and Red China want us to do. We are giving them the lifesaver of time. We soberly contemplate giving world Communism 10 or 15 years of undisturbed peace in which to complete its preparations to obliterate the Free World in an all-out World War III.

Nicolai Lenin once revealed Communist intentions in the declaration: "There is no peace, but merely a respite in war." The Four Power Conference is expected to give Communism another "respite." The whole chronicle of Soviet-Free World relations since Lenin has been a series of hidden-ball maneuvers designed to fox the Free World into a sense of security while Communism prepared its next coup. It has been psychological warfare at its most successful. President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles, learning nothing from the past, are about to step again upon the deadfall.

THE UNREALITY in which the current Four Power Conference is being prepared is heightened by the rash of press and magazine stories which has broken out in recent months about Russian and Red Chinese "weakness." The timing of these stories is more important than their content. Unquestionably Moscow and Peiping have their acute economic problems. But in nations where outgoing news is tightly controlled, it is not likely that so many stories of distress would be allowed to leak out to Western correspondents unless they served some devious Communist purpose. The gullible American writers and editors who repeat these planted stories, and who magnify them, are the real patsies. They are selling the idea to American readers that America must rush immediately into a "summit" conference because the Communists are in trouble and will make a conciliatory deal. Which is just what Moscow wants us to believe.

Such a trick is too transparent to fool even a Dagwood Bumstead. But it has fooled the men around Mr. Eisenhower's confused throne.

While we chase the rainbow of a Four Power Conference, the naked facts of the Far Eastern and Soviet

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situation are being conveniently ignored by a public which wants easy answers. Those facts are as follows:

(1) A long peace with Russia and Red China will work sharply to our disadvantage because we are at the peak of our war potential today, while Russia and Red China are about ten years away from their peak.

(2) Given their terrific manpower and natural resources, and the totalitarian government to drive their people to the limit, it should not take the Moscow-Peiping axis more than ten years to catch up with the United States and to surpass it.

(3) Since the Communists desperately need this ten-year breathing spell, while we do not, any proposal to go into a "summit" conference with the Russians and to make concessions to win Russia to "peace" is as idiotic as the logic of Yalta.

(4) If America is to avoid smashing defeat at the hands of the Communist powers sometime between 1965 and 1970, when they have surpassed us in war potential, we must either have a total showdown now, or we must continue to arm ourselves for 1970 on a scale of unimaginable magnitude. We cannot weakly escape our destiny by horse-trading gab-fests with Bulganin.

THE CURSE of American foreign policy since 1945 is that we have been afraid to play the overwhelmingly powerful hand which we have held in world affairs. We have turned to such miserable evasions as the United Nations, the North Atlantic Treaty, Mutual Security and SEATO, instead of taking the nettle into our own hands. During the years 1945 to 1949 when we had an outright monopoly of the atom bomb, we unsuccessfully begged Russia to cooperate with us instead of *compelling* her to do so. During the subsequent years since 1949, when Russia had the bomb but our lead both in atomic weapons and bomb carriers was too wide for challenge, we have faced Communism in the Far East with cringing fear instead of masterful confidence. Some palsy of the will, in every decisive situation, has turned our resolutions into water. With our recent hand-washing of responsibility for Matsu and Quemoy we have finally earned the contempt of our every Asian friend.

If we now permit ourselves to be led into a Big Four Conference in the same spirit of peace at any price, Russia is almost certain to win the battle of the future. The fact that the decisions reached at this conference will probably be couched in the language of Free World victory will fool no informed person. Yalta, ten years ago, was hailed by the majority of American newspapers and public men as an historic American victory. The full tragedy of our defeat at Yalta did not penetrate the consciousness of the American people for several years. Russia and Red China have only to come out of the new Yalta with a breath-

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ing spell of at least ten years of unchallenged peace, and they will have won the stakes of the world.

This is true because "peace," to the Communist strategist, is only the vestibule to the next war. Dimitry Z. Manuilsky, spelled out the Communist concept of peace to the Party trainees in the Lenin School of Political Warfare in Moscow in 1931.

> War to the hilt between Communism and capitalism is inevitable. Today, of course, we are not strong enough to attack. Our time will come in 20 or 30 years. To win, we shall need the element of surprise. The bourgeoisie will have to be put to sleep. So we shall begin by launching the most spectacular peace movement on record. There will be electrifying overtures and unheard-of concessions. The capitalist countries, stupid and decadent, will rejoice to cooperate in their own destruction. They will leap at another chance to be friends. As soon as their guard is down, we shall smash them with our clenched fist.

THE AVERAGE AMERICAN has so long indulged himself in the luxury of snooting the Russians and the Chinese that he has little conception of the appalling military potential of these two united countries. Today the Communist axis lags behind us, not because its resources and manpower are inferior to ours, but because we enjoy such a staggering lead in industrialization and know-how. What we overlook is that Russia, having acquired the know-how from our Lend-Lease follies during the war, and from its German hired brains since the war, is now coming forward with breath-taking speed, and is dragging China with it. Unless we head it off with an immediate showdown of strength (an unlikely prospect in view of President Eisenhower's insistence upon peace), we will be overtaken in less than another generation and the control of world events will pass finally from our hands.

The Mackinder "heartland" thesis has demonstrated beyond refutation that the consolidation of the Eurasian land mass into a single economic unit will forge the strongest political force in the world. Weak American policies in 1947 and 1948 permitted China to drop away from the Free World and to supply the East Asiatic complement to Russia's huge domain. Having established over-all Communist control over a contiguous area which extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the first priority was to interconnect this huge Communist empire with a grid of railways and airlines. It is this task which is under way today, and which is probably nearing completion.

A recent little-noted news item announced the near-completion by Russia of the rail link from Siberia's Alma Ata to the Sinkiang frontier. This means that China's economy is now directly linked with the Trans-Siberian Railway and its branch the Turk-Sib Railway. With the partial

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building of Red China's extension of the Peiping-Suiyuan railway to Lanchow, China has taken a long step toward the link-up of its own railway system with Russia's trunk lines. Eventually this line will be extended through Urumchi, in Sinkiang, to connect with the Russian link to Alma Ata. A second rail connection through the Tsining-Ulan Bator branch of the Peiping-Suiyuan will soon be open to the Siberian front via the trans-Outer Mongolia railway, now being constructed. Such a preoccupation of Red China with railway building in the Northwest indicates the military objectives of its present economic program. While we are dealing in periods of years, the completion of these two railway projects will enable Russia to unify the economies of Siberia and the vast undeveloped China Northwest. It will give China a continuous supply route to Russia when hostilities commence.

Another part of the program is the development of a potentially vast iron and steel combine in Paotow, in Inner Mongolia. When completed, and its construction is well advanced, Red China's steel output will be quadrupled. This is another guidepost sign of the potential importance in Sino-Russian plans of the Northwest.

While to the average American, these are but names upon the vast unknown geography of Central Asia, in terms of World War III they may well be the margin of Red victory.

Behind the closely guarded approaches of Central Asia, the Russia-China axis is feverishly at work preparing the impregnable hidden arsenal of the Asiatic phase of World War III. The axis needs only time, such as the "summit" conference can give it, to build a new Ruhr in the Sinkiang-Kazakhstan-Irkutsk Basin-Kuznetsk Basin quadrangle. To power this new Central Asia workshop, Russia announced some months ago the inauguration of a great hydro-electric project which will dam the Irtysh River in Kazakhstan, and form a new inland sea as large as huge Lake Baikal.

During this preliminary period, the shadow of things to come is seen in the immense program of technical education which is being pushed in both Russia and Red China. Recently, Dean John R. Dunning of the Columbia School of Engineering revealed to a startled America that two and a half times as many scientists and engineers are pouring out of the Russian schools each year as the number of American graduates. Since 1950, the number of technical graduates in Russia has stepped up from 28,000 per annum to 54,000 in 1954. Enrollment in technical and scientific schools in Russia in 1953–54 was 1,562,000.

COINCIDENT with this is the intensive thrust of technical education in China. At its present rate, China is graduating 25,000 trained engineers per year, plus 5,000 other

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scientific workers. Its mounting enrollment in engineering schools is now 150,000. In a relatively few years, Red China will beat the problem of know-how, and will have a highly trained supervisory staff to direct the energies of 600,000,000 Communist Chinese.

The Russia-China axis, following a long-range plan which deals in decades rather than years, is preparing brilliantly for the future which it foresees when America topples. Against such World War III-centered planning, the United States, under the Eisenhower-Dulles impulsion, is proposing day-to-day expedients and planless Micawberism.

It is a pleasant occupation to despise one's foes. History has taught us that it can also be catastrophically costly.

It is not too late for the American people to awake from their coma and to realize that the future is slipping hopelessly from their hands. But such awakening will not come to a people who pin their hopes upon the bogus peace promises of a "summit" conference, where our gonfalon is carried by those incurable compromisers, Dwight Eisenhower and Anthony Eden.

America needs the refreshing voice of reality, in its present confusion, contributed by such proven realists as General Douglas MacArthur.

But there will be no MacArthurs at the "summit" conference.

» When the stationmaster of a small village in Hungary, a Communist stronghold, died, Stefan, a model party member, was sent to a Communist school in the nearest town. When he returned, he took over as stationmaster. When the village doctor died, off went Stefan to another school, came back two months later, and took over as the village medico. When the village priest died, they again sent Stefan to a school and two weeks later he was back, ministering to his flock. Then the village schoolmaster died and again the Red authorities counted on Stefan to help them out. But Stefan refused. "For your sake, I studied to be a stationmaster, doctor, minister," he protested. "But don't count on me to become a school teacher — even for the Party's sake, I absolutely refuse to learn to read and write!"

The next issue (September) of AMERICAN MERCURY will be on sale on the newsstands August 16th. If you appreciate the value of this magazine and wish to become a regular reader, reserve your copy at your newsdealer early; otherwise his stock may be sold out. Please inform us if your dealer cannot supply.

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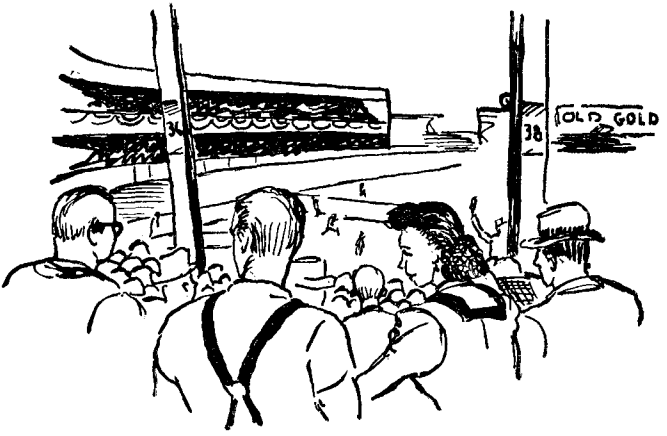

Wives vs. Baseball

By Lucille Britt

WIVES and baseball go together like palm trees and icebergs. Ninety percent of all American wives are allergic to the game—they break out in a hot rash of irritation at the very sound of a sportscaster's voice on a sunny Saturday afternoon.

If you think I'm exaggerating, I invite you to conduct your own private research on this subject, as I did. Men, make the supreme sacrifice some afternoon the Indians are at Yankee Stadium. Take the little woman by the hand and put a smile on her face by saying: "Let's drop in on the Hallets (or the McIntyres, or the Dingles, or all of them) this afternoon." You needn't mention that it's in the interest of research.

At every home you'll find the man of the house in his favorite chair right alongside Mel Allen. He'll greet you warmly with: "Hey Bill, Doby just hit a double," or "Top of the sixth, Bill. Berra just fanned one I could feel all the way out here."

From the distaff side you'll hear another greeting: "Let's go out on the porch, Mae; I'm so tired of baseball I could scream. I don't know how I'm ever going to last out the season," or "Baseball, baseball, all you men ever think about is baseball. You'd think the fate of the world depended upon a home run with the bases loaded. How can

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we talk with that blaring in our ears?"

You'll hear these same attitudes, expressed in roughly the same words, wherever you go.

ENOUGH for research. Maybe you're asking yourself why wives dislike baseball so intently. There are reasons, and good ones, as only a woman knows.

First of all, childhood. Most of our adult reactions can be traced directly to our childhood and an aversion to baseball is no exception. Little boys own their first softball and catcher's mitt before they have a full set of molars. Every father sees his son first, perhaps, as President of the United States, but second as a Yankee farm boy working his way up to the Baseball Hall of Fame.

When father comes home from work, no matter how tired he may be, there is always enough energy left to play a game of catch with Billy. But Betty, being only a girl, isn't even supposed to want to be included in this rudimentary game.

Thus, little boys grow up with the national sport of baseball in their blood.

However, wifely distaste for baseball is based on more than just childhood experiences. A husband who has spent all day, or all week, mingling, competing, cooperating and conversing with people can find nothing more pleasurable and relaxing than an easy chair and a baseball game that will guarantee him a minimum of two hours of solitary, passive entertainment.

His mate, on the other hand, has been leading a quite different existence. She has been isolated from people and the outside world. For relaxation and entertainment she wants to dress up and go out.

But she's blocked by the baseball game. If she makes the remark: "You think more of that baseball game than you do of me," you can't blame her too much.

There is, of course, a Ladies' Day at the ball park, but it hasn't helped wives too much. Yet it may be pointing the way to a partial solution to this important domestic problem.

When the flag goes up, there's an intoxication to the atmosphere that will grow on any woman. The shouting fans, the parade of hot dog, popcorn and ice cream vendors, the continual banter between the players, the bloopers, the rhubarbs — it's infectious. I know. I loathed baseball for many years before I attended my first game. Now I'll go willingly to a game any time; in fact, I have been known to suggest it.

And there's more to watch than the ball diamond. The spectators are a spectacle all by themselves; so don't be overly concerned, men, if the female members of your entourage seem more interested in what they ought to wear to the game than who's going to pitch — that, as many a man has said, is a woman for you — but it's also half the fun.

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QUEBEC

BY JOSEPHINE CONNOR

QUEBEC IS A CITY THAT BELONGS TO THE SEA . . .

THE EARLY French explorers, Cartier and Champlain, who discovered and settled it, came to it from the sea. Modern explorers, lonely in these jet-propelled days for the leisurely pace of the sixteenth century, can wipe away their nostalgic tears and come to Quebec over the old sea trails. They can have the past and the present, and the best of each, at once.

The ships follow the path we took. All that bright, clear day the sleek white flagship of the Home Lines, the *S.S. Homeric*, had been cruising past the ruggedly beautiful Gaspé Peninsula. She had come up from the hot, blue Caribbean, stopped briefly in New York to gather up new, eager travelers, and was now on her homeward run to Quebec. She had sailed up the Atlantic along the New England coast, turning in northeast of Maine between Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, then south and southwest between Anticosti Island and the Gaspé, into the great broad gulf of the St. Lawrence and, finally, up the majestic river to her port in Wolfe's Cove, under the sheer, steep historic bluff flattening out into the Plains of Abraham. The traveler has come to one of the most fascinating cities in North America, the place that is truly the cradle of Christian civilization on this continent.

Up above, on Cape Diamond, the rocky shelf that rises 360 feet above the river, is Quebec. Down along the waterfront is Quebec, too, in what the *habitant* calls the Lower Town. The two sections of the city, Lower Town and Upper Town, are linked by winding and narrow streets, just as the old and the new in tradition and modern life are joined in pleasant compatibility. This is a city medieval in aspect, fresh and gay in spirit, a veritable

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piece of Old France in the still New World, even though this part of that world is 300 years older than when it was the brave, bright young colony in America called New France.

Here in the only walled city in North America, history, romance, war and the courage of early settlers and martyrs, all linger in the ancient stones of the city. "Quebec is a venerable old lady sitting peacefully on a high promontory of a nation that is still young and pulsing with the spirit of her formative years," one of her sons has said of her. "Her streets, like a fine network of intertwining wrinkles, testify to her long life and great past. Her buildings, like the warm, memory-filled features of a good grandmother, repeat the theme that is the song of the city, and make the traveler feel he is in a timeless land."

What this son of Quebec says is true. Quebec is a place without the pressures and tensions one finds in cities that have abandoned themselves utterly to commerce and change. It is a smiling city of friendly, unhurried people, as sure of their future as they are proudly conscious of their past. It is a citadel of simplicity in living, working and doing; it is a place with more churches in proportion to its size than Rome; and this is fitting, in a city where religion still dominates the life of the people and education is along classical lines.

There are some who decry the old-fashioned, old-worldism of Quebec, the province as well as the city. They are concerned, they say, about the education of Quebec's youth, their future. The French-Canadian youth is being taught how to live, true; but is he being taught also how to make a living? Can the old French system prepare him to compete successfully in the rapidly changing technological world? For even here in this once wholly agricultural citadel of simplicity, the mechanistic demands of the twentieth century are impinging on a 300-year-old way of life. But there is an answer to the question and the doubt.

In the 292-year-old Laval University is an extraordinary man, the Most Reverend Georges-Henri Lesveque, a Dominican priest, dean of the Faculty of Social Sciences, member of the Royal Commission on Arts, Letters and Sciences. With quiet patience, he is working toward a definite objective — the modernizing of Laval's curriculum to integrate the traditional with the modern. There's a deeper reason than the purely academic one.

Through the years, the problem of establishing complete national unity in Canada has been made difficult by the coexistence in one coun-

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try of two cultures as different as the French and the British. Father Lesveque's educational reforms encompass eventual solution of the problem through quiet, steady efforts toward rapprochement between the two cultures, through greater understanding and appreciation of each by the other.

This, then, is a glimpse into the character of Quebec.

THE CITY the traveler sees is a visual and spiritual delight, always. In the dazzling whiteness of the long winters, skiing, skating and winter sports reign. The brief, flowery spring and the short brilliantly-colored autumn are the best times for motoring to Quebec and sightseeing in and around it. The vividly green, short summer brings travelers from all over Canada and the United States and even Europe, to this quaint, cool capital. Within short distances of the city are many diversions for sophisticate and pilgrim, romantic destinations and world-famous shrines like Ste. Anne de Beaupré.

The city is blessed with fine hotels, places like the Chateau Frontenac with its turrets and towers, perched atop the high eminence overlooking the whole sweep of the St. Lawrence, downstream to the Isle d'Orléans, upriver to the Laurentian Mountains, across to the flourishing town of Levis. The Frontenac is as much a part of the Quebec skyline as the ancient battlements of the Citadel, the diamond-shaped fortress at the topmost part of the Cape, inside the fortifications and the wall that encloses the Old City and gives entrance to it through three remaining gates — the St. Louis, Kent and St. John Gates.

Nowadays the Citadel is the home of Quebec's famed Royal 22nd Regiment which still changes the guard every day in a traditional ceremony. It is also the summer residence of the Governor General of Canada who gave hospitality to the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt when he went to Quebec twice during the war — for the conference in 1943 with Churchill, Mackenzie King of Canada, and T. V. Soong, representing China; and again, in 1944, when he was there with Churchill to discuss the over-all strategy of the war.

The Chateau Frontenac, however, a hotel which serves the overnight traveler, was the home in Canada of the late King George VI of England and his Queen Elizabeth, on their visit in 1939. Their rooms were in the Royal Suite on the "Crown Floor." This is between the twelfth and fourteen floors and a small crown supplants the numerals 13 on the elevators' floor indicators. The Royal Suite is comfortable, but neither distinguished nor elegant; and its bathrooms are precisely the same as the ones in the $8-a-day single rooms.

In front of the Hotel runs the Dufferin Terrace, a 1,400-foot espla-

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nade along the top of the Bluff, commanding an unequalled view of the river, and long enough to accommodate a toboggan run in winter.

The park-like square just outside the Chateau's gates is usually thronged with caléches—red-wheeled open carriages like the hansom cabs in the Plaza at Central Park's southern gates in New York. But Quebec's caléches are spic and span, black and shining, horse and carriage and rider all polished to within an inch of their lives. They have a joyous bouncy look to them as if they were just beginning life, not the shabby Sad Sack air of Manhattan's last mementoes of a more romantic age.

CALÉCHE or taxi or Shank's Mare will take the visitor up and down the hilly streets, and for a good start, descend from the Frontenac's heights to the Old City and the Lower Town and start back up from Wolfe's Cove. Under the French regime the Old City consisted of some 45 streets. What was once the fashionable section is known today as the Latin Quarter. As in Paris and Manhattan, the houses that long ago were the residences of the elegant aristocrats and their fashionable ladies now shelter artists, students, workmen and their families.

It's a good, long walk down to Wolfe's Cove where the big ships come in — the vessels of the Home Lines, the Canadian Pacific, and Cunard — and they all berth at a single long pier. The hardy icebreakers anchor there, too, sometimes, in a pause after their tough winter's work is done.

The way back to the Upper Town lies along a narrow street where the 300-year-old houses lean against each other in comfortable familiarity. On one side is the Sailors' Church where mass is said in seven languages. Here the fishermen and sailors used first to stop to give thanks for a safe homecoming after a hard voyage. The church is full of miniature ships carved by men on those long voyages for a thanksgiving offering on homecoming.

One section along the river is known as "Irish Town" and here the clannish Irish immigrants lived and reared their lusty descendants whose soft brogue masks, but doesn't really hide, the conversational bite and quick wit that are so determinedly Irish. There's an old Irishman on the street near the church and he's 97 years of age now; he's lived 90 years of his life in the old leaning house on the same narrow street by the St. Lawrence.

In the shops are Hudson Bay woolens, handicrafts of all kinds, and the little carved wood figures, exact models of the natives by native craftsmen, a truly individualistic expression of the art of the *habitant*.

Away from the river, the Old City

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displays many fine old houses. Some are period homes with green shutters, red roofs and tiny windows. Occasionally, opposite an old house on a winding street, the side of the cliff is broken with a long flight of stairs ascending to the Upper Town; and there is an *Ascenseur* here and there where one pays a nickel to be carried up in style. One of these elevators debouches on the Esplanade in front of the Frontenac.

The taxis that make the ascent go up the Côte de la Montagne, the steepest hill in the city. Quebecois shrug and say a taxi doesn't last more than a year and a half on that run, but a horse is good for ten. "The horse, madame, is not defeated by the modern taxi, you understand!"

THE CITY abounds in good restaurants. Altogether, there are three pages of listings of restaurants in Quebec's thin classified telephone directory. Not all are like Kerhulu's on the rue de la Fabrique, however, where one finds authentic and delicious French cuisine, Paris in Quebec; and the superior skill of the chef is attested by the awards hung in the foyer — gourmet societies, *Holiday* magazine and others, local, provincial and foreign.

Le Vendôme on the Côte de la Montagne is another good, small French-type restaurant. The Frontenac imports Dover sole live from England, in tanks in the holds of ships, and their chef sautées it in pure butter to make a gourmet's dish.

The French taste for good bread and pastry is everywhere evident. Even in Woolworth's five and ten, the bakery department's pastries, of a kind seen only in the shops around the Madeleine in Paris and on the rue de Rivoli, are on sale for real five-and-ten cent prices.

Shoppers will find English bone china, Meissen ware, French perfumes, English tweeds and woolens, but not in great quantity or top quality always, and not at bargain prices. In booming Canada, the American dollar is worth less than the Canadian dollar — a $10 bill will get only $9.83 in exchange. However, Quebec gives the American tourist his full American money's worth, despite the unfavorable exchange, for he has a chance to see a foreign country in the New World and enjoy a full vacation for far less than it would cost him just to travel to the Old World. Quebec is right next door to home, across a friendly border among charming, neighborly people whose welcome is genuine, their hospitality warm and sincere.

* * *

IN QUEBEC BE SURE TO SEE: The narrowest street in all North America, called Sous-le-Cap, at the foot of the cliff, in the ancient trading district, the first part of the City to be inhabited . . . the Norman-style house on rue Saint-Louis, a few hundred feet from the

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Chateau Frontenac, which was Montcalm's headquarters; and his residence on the Ramparts, at No. 49 . . . the Place Royale, the old seventeenth century market place, with its famous Church of Notre-Dame-des-Victoires, begun in 1688, its altar set in a wall of rare carved wood and decorated with gold forts and banners recalling the church's history, for it was dedicated to the Virgin by the French colonists in gratitude for three victories over the English . . . the modern department stores with vigil-lighted shrines to remind shoppers of the omnipresence of God . . . the ultra-modern white butcher shop . . . the Historical Museum at 22 rue Sainte Anne with its extraordinary tableaux and scenes, 11 in all, with 100 life-like wax figures bringing Canadian and American history to mind . . .

IN QUEBEC YOU'LL FIND: Seventeenth century France on the Isle d'Orléans, eight miles downriver from the city . . . one of the oldest churches on the continent, Ste. Famille, dated 1669; and one of the oldest houses in Canada, built in 1734, proudly wearing its scars of gunfire from English ships — both on the Isle d'Orléans, a garden paradise of six parishes, each with its village and old church . . . dogs hitched to small carts . . . women baking bread in outdoor ovens . . . women picking strawberries in summer and flowers everywhere . . . the Isle where 4,000 simple, sturdy inhabitants have resisted time and change . . . the spectacular Montmorency Falls, 106 feet higher than Niagara . . . the largest cantilever span in the world, on the Quebec Bridge, across the river, seven miles from Quebec.

IN QUEBEC YOU'LL REMEMBER: The great sweep of the Plains of Abraham, now a green park where children play on ground that is a hallowed, old battlefield, its bronze tablets marking the places where Generals Wolfe and Montcalm fell in the tragic and dramatic 12-minute battle which gave victory to the English and changed the course of destiny in Canada . . . the high-piled snow in winter . . . the greenness of summer . . . the aluminum pails on the sugar maple trees when the sap rises in late April in the grounds of the Bois de Coulogne, the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec . . . and the glimpse, as you drive through in the spring, of his 30-foot boat in a "yacht garage" on the grounds . . . the church bells and the eventide peace over all . . . the sturdy young men and women from the Isle d'Orléans and the countryside in the Farmers' Market with their seasonal produce . . . and the great-grandmother, symbolic of Quebec, with her stand of herbs and roots, and home-made tonics and unguents, smiling through her wrinkles and across the years.

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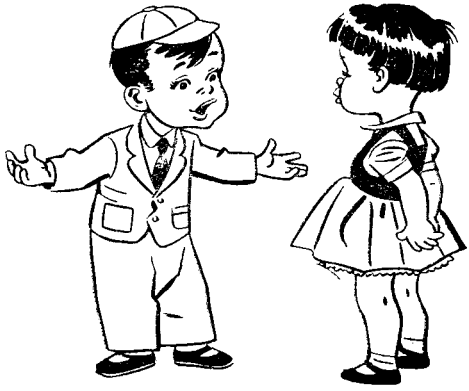

THE COMIC BOOK PROBLEM

By Ruth A. Inglis

EXCEPT for the limits of obscenity, what adults read is their own business. When, however, the publishers and purveyors of inexpensive booklets of indescribable depravity reach millions of children, their business becomes everybody's business.

All over the country, community leaders and public groups have been waging a hot war against the printed filth available to children on newsstands. The attacks have centered upon crime and horror comic books, although the 25¢ and 35¢ pocket books featuring sadism and gore, and the luridly illustrated sex and girlie magazines are also under fire.

What Is Objectionable?

Persons unfamiliar with the horror-crime comic books may wonder what all the shouting is about. These little monsters bear only slight resemblance in content to the comic strips or "funnies" to be found in many newspapers. For unrelieved brutality and sadistic details capable of imitation in contemporary life, neither fairy stories nor dime novels can touch the crime comic.

Here is an example from a comic book entitled *Panic* and published by Tiny Tot Comics, Inc. The introduction to the story, "My Gun Is the Jury," reads:

> SEX AND SADISM DEPT.: PRIVATE-EYE DIV.: The PAPERS say I'm a KILL-CRAZY SHAMUS. Well, MAYBE I AM. Do you think I LIKE the RATS that PREY on the GOOD people in this town? Do you think I LIKE THE KILLERS that crawl out through LOOPHOLES in the LAW? Do you think I LIKE the DREGS OF HUMANITY that sit like PARASITES UPON the back of society and take ADVANTAGE of the CRAWLING STUMBLING MACHINE CALLED JUSTICE? DO YOU? Well, you're DARN RIGHT I like 'em! 'Cause if it WEREN'T for THEM, I'd be OUT OF BUSINESS. ME? I'm MIKE HAM-

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MERSHLAMMER. I'm a PRIVATE EYE. I TRACK DOWN those RATS, those KILLERS, those DREGS . . . and I SHOOT! I shoot to KILL! I don't FOOL AROUND with TIME-WASTING COURTROOM TRIALS! Instead . . .

MY GUN IS THE JURY!
by
MELVIE SPLANE

In thirty-two drawings on five pages, this perverted parody on the violent Mickey Spillane books caricatures the only four policemen shown, describes the sawed-off shotgun dumdum bullet technique of murder recently used by New York boy killers, and glorifies the criminal who goes unpunished even in the last picture. Mike murders Sadie:

She started undressing. I shot her . . .

She gurgled up at me, spitting blood. She was still alive. I rammed my heel down into her face and did a graceful pirouette on her nose, grinding in.

"You're a KILLER, Sadie. I HATE killers. DIE, Sadie, DIE! Die-de-die-die-de-dum-dum."

Pot Chamber, the grotesque Captain of Homicide, stands by, his hands almost covering his eyes, and says:

"Aw, MIKE, PLEASE. You make me SICK!"

Mike answers, pointing directly at the reader:

"I TOLD you, Pot! I make MYSELF sick, but I'm SUPPOSED to be like this. Those FIENDS out there LOVE me like this."

As the 1955 Report of the New York State Joint Legislative Committee to Study the Publication of Comics states, this and other dialogue is an open admission that comic books of this type are published to satisfy the desire of certain readers for "gore" and "sex."

The story ends on a note of perversion. Mike murders Stella, a curvaceous, scantily clad character described as "a venus, a goddess, a queen. Her eyes were pools of blue flame . . . Her lips, soft and inviting . . . Her body . . .":

Stella moved, but I moved faster. I LET HER HAVE IT, right in the GUT, A LITTLE BELOW THE BELLY-BUTTON . . .

I looked down. Stella's blouse fell away. I GASPED . . . STELLA WAS A MAN . . .

And when I saw Stella's manly physique, I started to cry . . . "STELLA! DON'T DIE! DON'T DIE! We'll have the WHOLE SHOW . . . Just the TWO of us. STELLA . . . Don't . . . Stella."

But Stella died, never even realizing that I, MIKE HAMMERSHLAMMER was a WOMAN . . .

The crude but telling drawings make this anything but suitable reading for "tiny tots!" It is no worse than literally millions of copies of other comic books made available to children during the past ten years.

There are many clean comic books on the market. In fact, they have always outnumbered the vile ones. By and large, the public protest has

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not been against comic books, *per se*. There is nothing moral or immoral about the format. The troubles of the industry have always been caused by a calloused minority who would publish anything for a fast dollar. Lacking other publishing experience and training, they don't know the meaning of public responsibility.

The taste of the publisher of the comic described above, Mr. William M. Gaines, the originator of the horror comic, may be judged by his testimony before the Hendrickson Committee (a Senate Subcommittee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency). Senator Kefauver referred to a Gaines comic showing a man with a bloody ax holding up a woman's head which had been severed from her body and asked Mr. Gaines whether he considered that to be in good taste.

Mr. Gaines replied, "Yes, sir; I do, for the cover of a horror comic. A cover in bad taste, for example, might be defined as holding the head a little higher so that the neck could be seen dripping blood from it and moving the body over a little further so that the neck of the body could be seen to be bloody."

Do Comic Books Cause Juvenile Delinquency?

Much of the impetus for the war on crime comics stems from the alarming increase in juvenile delinquency during the past few years. Dr. Frederic Wertham, the psychiatrist and well-known foe of comic books, contends that many youthful criminals learn the techniques of crime from comic books.

The National Council of Juvenile Court Judges noted that:

> The *character of juvenile delinquency has changed as a consequence of the stimulation of these publications*, being no longer the thoughtless, mischievous acts of children, but are reflected in acts of violence, armed robbery, rape, torture and even homicide . . .

Crime, of course, has many causes, and even the unrelenting Dr. Wertham does not claim that comic books are its sole cause. This is a straw man which the comics industry loves to set up and demolish in order to confuse the issue.

The Hendrickson Committee brought out the fact that many of the child experts who have condoned comic books have been at one time or another in the employ of the publishers. The precise relationship between crime and horror fiction of all types and juvenile delinquency awaits further impartial scientific study. The reluctance of the media of mass communication to sponsor and finance truly objective research of this nature is, in itself, revealing.

Many years ago, Plato remarked upon the folly of permitting impressionable children "to receive into their minds ideas the very opposite of those which we should wish them to have when they are grown up." This is reason enough to clean up comic books.

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Will Self-Regulation Work?

On October 1, 1954, the Comics Magazine Association of America, Inc., was established with Judge Charles F. Murphy of the New York bench appointed as a "czar" over the content of comic books.

The first significant action of the new association was the outright banning of all books using the words "horror" or "terror" in their titles.

A few weeks later a code was adopted; the Judge recruited a staff; and shortly after the first of the year, comic books appeared on the stands bearing a seal, "Approved by the Comics Code Authority."

In many respects the new code parallels those adopted earlier by the motion picture and the radio-television industries. It has detailed prohibitions concerning crime and sex, as well as a section on advertising. One section of the code illustrates the need for it:

> Scenes dealing with, or instruments associated with walking dead, torture, vampires and vampirism, ghouls, cannibalism and werewolfism are prohibited.

Although one might question some of the adjectives used in the code, such as the prohibition of "excessive" violence and "unnecessary" knife and gun play, there is no doubt that a reasonably strict interpretation of the code will clean up comic books. The code, in fact, has received the endorsement of many public groups throughout the nation.

At the present time, only two major publishers have remained outside the association. Classics Illustrated feels that it would be wrong to tamper with the classics, although the recent report of the New York State Joint Legislative Committee contains some scenes from *Two Years Before the Mast* in clear violation of the code. Dell Comics, one of the largest publishers, has refused to join the association until it adopts a code as strict as Dell's. The Dell pledge to parents is to "eliminate" rather than "regulate" objectionable material.

The above-mentioned Mr. Gaines stayed out of the association for several weeks. Reportedly, he sent a questionnaire to the major distributors in the business and learned that they would not handle his comics without a code seal. Most of the important distributors, engravers, printers, and mat makers are members of the association.

THERE is no denying that the content of comic books has improved since Judge Murphy took over. At the same time, he has been embarrassed at hearings in Connecticut and New York because of some of the material which he let pass.

Judge Murphy told this writer that all of the objectionable material had been passed during the first few weeks of his administration while he and his staff were still learning their complex business. He says he would not pass these comics today.

The result, nevertheless, is to give ammunition to the industry's critics.

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On the other hand, Judge Murphy may have an easier time with some of his recalcitrant publishers who might otherwise protest that he was using his blue pencil too much.

Self-regulation has failed before in the comics industry, and it can fail again. Ultimately, the fate of the new Code Authority will depend upon the continued pressure on the part of the public so that the Gaineses realize that they cannot afford to flout the canons of decency.

Is Censorship the Answer?

Censorship has equally distinguished proponents and opponents and recently has been a lively issue in many of the state legislatures.

The American Civil Liberties Union opposes comic book censorship as an infringement of the freedom of the press. Walter Lippmann, however, has concluded that he sees "no objection in principle to censorship of the mass entertainment of the young. Until some more refined way is worked out of controlling this evil thing, the risks to our liberties are, I believe, decidedly less than the risks of unmanageable violence."

What Can You Do?

(1) Watch your local newsstands and protest when they offer objectionable printed matter for sale.

(2) If your dealers declare themselves to be the victims of tie-in sales, take the matter up with your local wholesalers. "Tie-in sales" is a convenient alibi for many dealers confronted with angry representatives of community groups.

(3) Discuss the problem with your local wholesaler. The American News Company has branches in some 400 cities. In addition, most cities have at least one independent wholesaler. Many of them have gone on record as being willing to co-operate with responsible groups.

(4) If the obscenity laws of your state or municipality are being violated, protest to the proper authorities.

(5) The Postmaster General reports a vast increase of obscene matter going through the mails. Children who answer mail order advertisements in comic books sometimes innocently get themselves on mailing lists for obscene matter. Send any such solicitations (including the envelope) to the Postmaster General in Washington.

Progressive education has deprived many of our children of the enjoyment of reading with facility. We must not permit vile comic books to pervert their natural desire for stories of adventure and excitement.

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HEARD ON THE PARTY LINE

TIME was when the Communist conspiracy would have climbed aboard the Davy Crockett bandwagon with gay abandon, the youth section wearing coonskin caps while the elder Bolsheviks pondered the implications of a Crockett cell in Washington.

But the old slogan "Communism is the Americanism of the 20th century" is as dead as Beria and unhurried Marxist evaluation of rustic folk heroes is now the order of the day. Consequently, Comrade Ben Levine, probing the Crockett lode for political minerals, kept a steady grip on his Geiger counter and came up with some unusual observations regarding Davy and his impact on the social scene.

First of all, Levine warned the *Daily Worker* audience, Crockett was a "game hog." Ben's research developed this little-known phase of Davy's career with the trusty flintlock: "His 105 bears in a single season, his six deer shot in one day while pursuing other game serve to explain why the rich hunting grounds of the Indians were swept so quickly bare of game by the white invaders."

This finding inspired Comrade Levine to poetic rage. Now that Davy could be classified as a counter-revolutionary, Ben tore off the following limerick:

Now listen, dear children, if you
Meet a man in the city park who
Has a knife in his pocket
And he's called Davy Crockett,
Warn the keeper to lock up the zoo.

As a clincher (just in case some petty bourgeois comrades might still be sentimental about the man from Tennessee), Comrade Levine pointed out that Davy went to Washington and became a Whig. A Whig in the 1830's, Ben told the faithful, was equivalent to a Republican.

So Crockett was not returned to Congress because, Levine trumpeted: "His Tennessee constituents, who admired the man once captured by the Indians, did not admire a man who was captured by the Whigs."

The essay ended on a gloomy note. Davy not only was a trigger-happy coonskinner and a Tory, but commercial exploitation of his memory is watering the roots of capitalism. "Davy is a Boon to Business" the *Daily Worker* mourned. "Retail sales of articles with the Davy Crockett trademark in the last two months are estimated at $100,000,000." The *Worker's* authority — the *Wall St. Journal.* — H. R.

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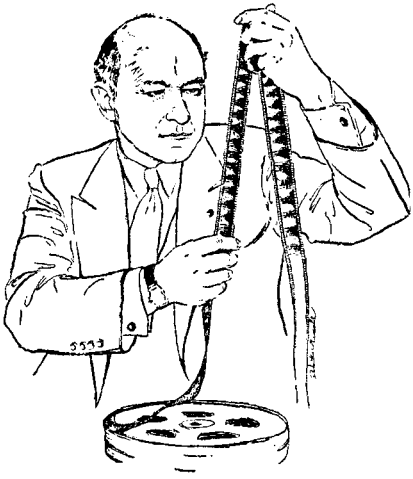

MOVIE *with a* TIMELESS MISSION

By Duane Valentry

THE FILM fades from the screen and slowly the lights come on. But the audience sits quietly. Here and there a sob is heard, but no voice or movement shatters the silence. Minutes pass. Then, as though loath to break the spell, the crowd begins silently to move from the theater.

The "missionary" movie has once again done its work.

The King of Kings, film story of the life of Christ, made in 1926, is a saga on its own. As an aid to religion, there has never been anything like this movie, which is shown some 3,000 or more times every year in the United States and used by missionaries throughout the world.

Back in 1927, when the film was breaking records in New York City, Alexander Woollcott wrote:

"It is my guess that *The King of Kings* will girdle the globe, and that the multitude will still be flocking to see it in 1947."

The only thing wrong with Woollcott's prognostication was the date — he might have said 1967 and still called it short.

Motor chapels have brought *The King of Kings* into the most backward areas of the country. Generating their own electricity, they have projected the picture from the back of the motor chapel in open fields or piped it into halls. In this way, the "church on wheels" has been able to reach areas without electricity and places where movies have never before been shown.

These are the audiences that sit quietly after the heart-rending scenes of the Crucifixion have faded from view. These are the people, in the almost inaccessible areas in the mountains of Eastern Tennessee and

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Western Virginia, in the Ozarks, Eastern Utah, and rural areas of South Carolina and Georgia, who come out in all kinds of weather to watch the film wherever it may be shown.

IN ALL, *nearly a billion people have seen the extraordinary movie.* It has been viewed in nearly every part of the world by every kind of human being. It was the first sound film shown to the Eskimos at Point Barrow, and in Fiji a native hurled a spear at the screen during the flogging of Jesus.

A rough Tennessee mountaineer seeing the movie wept bitterly from the Betrayal to the end. In Cairo, a woman walked 20 miles with her two children in order that they might, at least once in their lifetime, see the Christ story.

Cecil B. DeMille, maker of a score of spectacles (some of the most successful of which have been Bible stories), considers *The King of Kings* to be his best effort. At the time of its making, however, it was considered by many to have small chance of success.

But in the nearly 30 years since its making, DeMille has received countless letters of gratitude for producing this story of Christ.

Prayer services inaugurated the making of this film, and on the set at DeMille's invitation were a Protestant bishop, a Jewish rabbi, a Catholic priest, a Christian Scientist, Presbyterian and Baptist ministers, a Salvation Army teacher, a teacher of the Mohammedan sect, and a Buddhist swami. A gathering prophetic of the film's future, in which it was to be almost universally beloved.

Smoking on the set was not permitted and principals of the cast were asked to stay away from parties and night clubs during the four months of its preparation. Throughout that time, each day's work began with prayer.

The original picture has been carefully edited over the years, titles have been somewhat changed to bring them up to date, and a music score based on "Parsifal" has been added. The movie's titles have been translated into 23 languages, including Chinese, Arabic, Turkish and Hindustani.

Missionaries carry the film in their canoes up the Ganges and the Congo, and into Saudi-Arabia and the sheikdoms on the Persian Gulf. Prints are in service all over the world.

But it was one woman's letter received many years ago that recompensed DeMille more than anything else for making *The King of Kings*. Desperately ill, and with but a few days to live, she was wheeled to a showing.

"Thank you," she wrote the producer, "for *The King of Kings*, which has changed what is about to happen to me from a terror to a glorious anticipation!"

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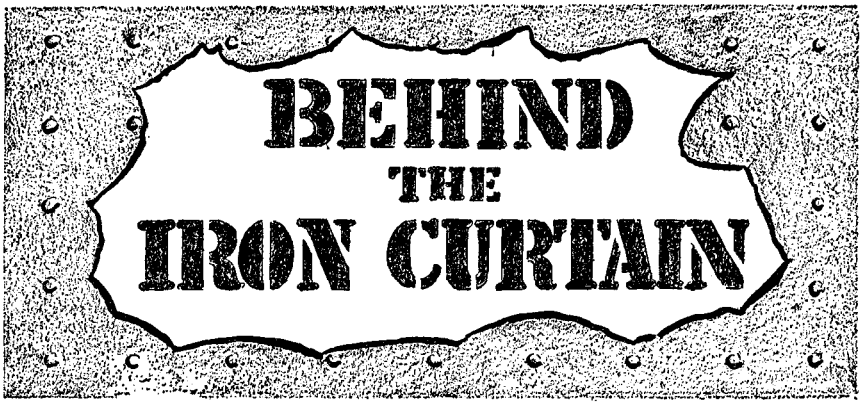

Wrecking the Grand Alliance

***By* ALAN SET**

WHILE the West is indulging in dreaming of a "new era" without wars and worries and with lower taxes, not a single indication comes from behind the Iron Curtain to show that Moscow really thinks of anything else but conquest. The great news from Russia is not Khrushchev's or Bulganin's peace chit-chat but the tremendous development of Soviet air power.

Already armed with atomic weapons, and probably ahead of us in the field of H-bombs, the Russians are now swiftly building up a huge fleet of intercontinental strato-jets which very soon will be ready to reach any point up to 6,000 miles from the innumerable bases Russia has in Europe, Asia and the Arctic or from the Far Eastern Chinese airfields. Other reports from the Red Empire are certainly not more encouraging.

We read in a recent letter from Warsaw: "Never before have the Communists made a greater effort to instill into the minds of our youth the idea that America is the arch-enemy of mankind, responsible for all our miseries. The only peace they are interested in is peace brought about by victory of Communism."

All over the People's Republics, anti-Americanism remains one of the most important themes of innumerable Red congresses, mass gatherings, festivals and celebrations. Today, as before, anti-Ameri-

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can articles and cartoons are displayed prominently in all Communist newspapers and magazines. This writer was unable to find the slightest proof in the Red press and radio that the Soviet masters are willing to lessen the aggressive tension they have been patiently building up during the last seven years.

"What do your people think of the Big Four Conference?" I asked an intelligent observer who had been living in Bucharest up to this summer.

"They laugh at it," was his answer.

But what he meant was not that they are laughing at the Russians, who can only benefit from any parley, but at the Western powers — the notorious dupes. While talking with me, he had in hand a copy of a Washington magazine in which it was stated that out of 52 agreements produced as a result of U.S.-USSR talks during the last 22 years, the Russians have honored only 2 — violated 50.

"If you know this," said my Rumanian friend, "why wouldn't it be better to stop wasting time?"

"Some people think it would," was my somewhat apologetic answer.

WHILE sticking firmly to their old line at home, the Communists have undoubtedly brought a new look to their foreign dealings. In this respect they have changed sufficiently to allow their agents and fellow travelers (who for such a long time awaited the cue to go ahead) to start chanting praises to Soviet good will.

Now they are going full speed in extolling to the skies a Khrushchev and Bulganin, a Zhukov and Sokolovsky — angels of peace who are giving up their claims one by one: liberating Austria, agreeing to disarm, hinting they might withdraw their troops from the satellite countries. They go so far as to extend their forgiveness to Yugoslavia's Tito, who only one year ago had been to them "the arch-traitor of the working class," "mercenary rascal" and "lackey of the American capitalists."

Here in the West, we can only guess what this new chameleon-like diplomacy really means. Of course the governments have enough reliable data to command utmost caution. Unfortunately it is not the reliable data but caprices of a fidgety public opinion which mark out the direction of Western foreign policy. And public opinion, here as well as in Western Europe, likes nothing more than to indulge in the illusion of peaceful coexistence, be it only for another year or two. Therefore these governments, obedient to the will of the people, choose the only policy which satisfies the electors: "vigilant" appeasement, camouflaged into testing Russia's good intentions.

In spite of the shroud of mystery in which the masters of the Red

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Empire proverbially wrap their decisions, the man-in-the-street in Moscow, Warsaw or Prague certainly knows more about the trends of Russian policy than his counterpart in Washington, London or Paris. Even the most secret political plotting has to express itself in outward symptoms. It is difficult to conceal the fact that a factory in Tiflis which used to produce radio sets has been expanded to manufacture also some mysterious pieces of electronic equipment useless to civilians; that in Yamskaya military barracks there are now new units armed with weapons never seen before; that during political meetings in Bratislava factories, more than ever before the emphasis is being put on dangers of capitalistic aggression. All such indications are carefully noted, put together and interpreted by people who are as anxious to know what may happen to them as our people are.

Here is a short summary of opinions prevailing behind the Iron Curtain, compiled from reports and conversations with numerous recent escapees.

SOVIET ECONOMIC DIFFICULTIES. According to Western speculations, the shift in Soviet diplomacy is chiefly due to very grave economic difficulties, which Russia's masters will be unable to overcome unless they switch a part of their manpower and materials, used now for production of armaments, to consumer goods and agriculture. Behind the Iron Curtain this opinion is dismissed as entirely erroneous.

True, Russia is fighting with very grave economic difficulties, particularly in the field of agriculture. This, however, has been going on since the Soviet state was established 38 years ago, and today the situation is certainly better than it was when the war broke out. If there is no food in Russia, people starve; if there are no clothes, they dress in rags; and the MVD will take care of those who don't like this system.

AUSTRIA. In the Red Empire, no one attached any importance to the Austrian Treaty in which Russia gave away only that which she never had. However, a lot of importance was attached to the extreme naïveté of some Western interpretations of this event, which were, of course, duly reported by the Communist press and radio.

"If in the signing of a piece of paper insignificant from the point of view of the world situation, the Americans see the beginning of a 'new era,' is there any salvation for the West?" asked the people of Warsaw and Prague.

DISARMAMENT. Anyone behind the Iron Curtain will roar with laughter when told that there are serious men in the West who believe that Russia may disarm or allow international control of her atomic production.

No, the man-in-the-street behind the Iron Curtain knows perfectly well that Russia will not reduce her armaments unless a time comes

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when not a square foot of land to be conquered remains. If Russia talks of disarmament, it is only to induce others to put down their arms. And if they do — God help them!

Not only does Russia not think of disarming, but right at the very moment of her "concessions" in this field, she came up with a new and perhaps very powerful weapon in the form of the Warsaw Pact. For, contrary to the opinion prevailing in the West, this treaty of collective security which as of mid-May unites Russia to her seven European satellites is considered by the people behind the Iron Curtain of paramount importance.

They think it is certainly much more than simply a device to bring out in the open a system which hitherto has been kept under cover. It is a very clever and dangerous attempt to mobilize the spirit of Eastern and Central Europe against Western Europe and particularly to create within the satellite countries the consciousness of their new power, so overwhelming when compared to their past insignificance, and achieved solely thanks to Russian help.

NEUTRALITY. Observers behind the Iron Curtain are far too realistic to believe that by promoting creation of a belt of neutral states across Europe, Russia simply wants to feel more secure from Western attack. They know that, in the atomic age, such a belt presents no protection whatsoever.

There are, however, other obvious reasons why the neutralization of European states may be vitally important to Communist Russia. Neutrality, in the Russian meaning, is synonymous with ending all ties with the United States. And in the present world situation, ending all ties with the United States is equivalent to being left defenseless before the USSR. Rather than seeking protection against a Western attack, Russia is trying to soften Western Europe's resistance until she is ready to strike.

IN VARIOUS ways, people from behind the Iron Curtain are sending us advice of caution. They tell us not to believe in what is obviously false and not to indulge in wishful thinking. They say that unmistakably what Russia is up to with her soft diplomacy in the present time is to wreck our Grand Alliance. What they want is to shatter a system which not only keeps them from going ahead, but also brings the American soldier, with all he symbolizes, thousands of miles across the ocean, right in the midst of Europe's people, who without him would have no choice but to surrender.

"Ami, go home!" was the slogan scribbled by the Communists on American army barracks all over Western Europe as early as 1945.

"Ami, go home!" remains the true meaning of the present-day official Soviet diplomacy.

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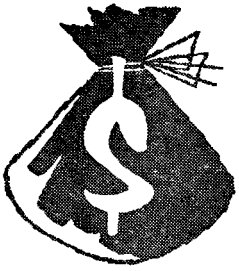
BY HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE



"Take the Profit Out of Bank Robbery"

Urges J. Edgar Hoover DIRECTOR OF THE F.B.I.

EVERY DAY the newspapers record such events as —

New York: Four men robbed the Woodside branch of the Chase Manhattan and escaped with $305,000 — the most money ever taken by bandits from a bank in this country.

Chicago: Five fast-working robbers, armed with a machine gun and pistols, took $47,000 from the Ashland State bank and escaped.

Los Angeles: A "grandma," armed with a pistol, stuck up a teller in a cage of the Wilshire-Westlake branch bank and escaped with $1,212.

Pevely, Missouri: A pair of bandits who went about their work calmly, cleaned the bank of all its money — $47,174 — and escaped, avoiding road blocks.

Durham, New Hampshire: Two masked gunmen staged a $20,000 bank holdup here after obtaining a bank key from a woman teller and her husband, held hostage all night.

Bethpage, New York: A shabbily dressed bandit, armed with a hunting knife, held up the woman manager and two tellers and escaped with $38,000 in cash.

What's going on? The biggest wave of bank crimes that has swept over the nation since the gangland days of the 'thirties. Banks today are favorite targets for criminals — amateur and professional. The situation has become so acute that J. Edgar Hoover is now conducting a year-long series of conferences on the subject of bank robbery, trying to enlist the aid of executives of all banking institutions in taking the profit out of such crimes.

"The thermometer of crime statistics has recorded a warning upward trend in general crime," said Director Hoover. "It has, in the category of bank robbery, registered a rise of feverish proportions. Violations of the Federal Bank Robbery Statute soared from 226 bank robberies, burglaries and larcenies committed in the calendar year 1950, to a startling total of 517 such

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offenses in 1954. Of the three violations, robbery — the most serious — shot up three-fold in the same period to 307 last year as compared with 100 in 1950. This offense, in fact, accounted for 59 percent of the violations in 1954."

THE crime of bank robbery has changed perceptibly in its pattern, Director Hoover explained. During the gang era of the 'thirties, highly organized and seasoned veterans of crime hand-picked and victimized institutions most susceptible to attack. Today, in sharp contrast, every banking-type institution is a potential target. The bank robber list today reflects the prominence of the "lone robber" — and the amateur.

The crime may be a spur-of-the-moment act in which little or no planning is involved. Bank robbery all too often, the Director believes, is regarded in terms of a crime against property and the threat to human life is overlooked. Even the perpetrators of several recent bank robberies, Director Hoover said, expressed their belief that insurance coverage of losses to depositors lessened the seriousness of their crimes.

This last statement reminds me of an assertion made to me years ago by Frank Silsby, a notorious bank and payroll bandit. Silsby, once a member of "Egan's Rats," had been given an "immunity bath" by a St. Louis grand jury to guarantee his freedom after testifying against confederates in a holdup murder case. Later I wrote (for the St. Louis *Star*) Silsby's confessions and shall always remember his "logical" explanation of the killing of a bank teller.

"I didn't kill him," Silsby insisted.

"You shot him, didn't you?"

"Yes, I shot him, when he pulled a gun on me. It wasn't his money — it was the bank's money and the money was insured. Who was going to lose anything? Not the teller. Not the bank. Not the insurance company for it was covered by its premiums. I didn't kill him — the poor fool just committed suicide."

"The threat inherent in the rapid rise in this crime can be met effectively only by coordinated effort," Director Hoover insists. "An offensive launched by individual citizens, by interested institutions, by civic authorities and by law enforcement is essential. Certainly it is the obligation of the citizen and his civic representatives to insist upon properly trained, sufficiently staffed and adequately equipped law enforcement bodies. It is indeed the responsibility of banking establishments and their employees to utilize — and conform to — effective organizational security plans. And it assuredly is the duty of law enforcement to take the lead in this drive by spotlighting the problem, concentrating on preventive measures and fully cooperating in each case as it occurs."

The FBI has made a study of 100

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recent cases of the robbery of banks and savings and loan institutions. The robberies occurred in all sections of the country, in communities varying in population from only 139 to a million and over. They occurred in institutions which employed their own guards and in others where the nearest policeman was miles away. They occurred in institutions which had never been robbed before and in others which had been robbed as many as three times.

They represent cases in which months and sometimes even years of careful planning preceded the actual robbery, and others in which the robber on the spur of the moment decided "to get some easy money." They represent cases in which the robber or robbers received nothing — except prison sentences — and others in which loot totaled thousands of dollars. Few definite conclusions were drawn from this study, but a number of facts came to light. Among these facts are:

The lone operator has become important in this field of criminal activity, where the organized gang once held sway: approximately half the robberies were executed by one person. Amateur operators also are becoming important in robberies. When a bank is robbed today, investigators should not always expect to find some hardened criminal as the root of the robbery, for previously law-abiding citizens occasionally turn to bank robbery in irrational moments. Some of the amateurs, when caught, come up with explanations such as: "I was broke and my insurance was due." "I had to get some money if I expected to get anywhere in life." "My wife is worrying me about financial affairs."

LET'S CITE (from the FBI files) a typical case of the amateur. His story was that because he was unemployed, in debt and unable to support his wife and children, he awakened one morning so despondent he decided to commit suicide. He borrowed a gun for this purpose, got into a taxi to take him to his father-in-law's home where his wife and children were then living. En route, he saw a bank and suddenly conceived the idea of robbing it. Asking the driver to wait, he went in and robbed the bank of more than $1,000. He came back and asked the driver to proceed to his destination. Fifty minutes later he was under arrest.

Another case (from the files) — and an FBI favorite — has to do with that headline in Los Angeles newspapers, "Grandma Robs Bank." On October 17, 1952, a nice old lady approached a teller in the Wilshire-Westland branch of the Bank of California, and stated, "Don't make any noise or set off an alarm. This gun talks and I know how to use it."

The teller thought she was a "nice old lady" until she observed

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the muzzle of a revolver sticking through the bottom of a small brown paper bag, and handed "Grandma" $1,212. "Grandma" placed it in a shopping bag, hurriedly left the bank and disappeared in the shopping crowds.

Then a month later "Grandma" struck again. She walked into another Los Angeles bank, approached one of the tellers and handed her a penciled note reading in substance: "Act natural. There are three guns on you. Give me all your money. Wait three minutes." "Grandma" put $2,615, which the teller pushed to her, in her shopping bag and again disappeared into the shopping crowds.

"Grandma" must have figured the banks soft pickings for exactly 14 days later she struck again. In the perpetration of this third robbery, she utilized the services of a cab driver hailed in the center of downtown Los Angeles and directed the driver (unaware of her criminal activity) to wait for her, some 30 feet from the entrance of the bank. "Grandma" emerged with her shopping bag and the cash, waved at the cab driver, and disappeared.

Then it happened! Less than a month after the third robbery, an elderly woman walked into a bank in Arcadia (not far from downtown Los Angeles) and handed a note demanding money to a teller. She exhibited a small pistol. The teller refused and shouted for the manager. The woman made a break for the door but the manager jumped over his counter and overtook the woman, who began sobbing out a hard-luck story: It was Christmas Eve, she was broke, and desperate. "Please let me go," she begged. The manager took her to his office — and notified the police. It was "Grandma," as she confessed.

Who was she? Let's skip her name. She was born in Philadelphia of wealthy parents; studied music in Berlin and Paris; had appeared in *Topsy and Eva* with Vivian and Rossetta Duncan; had been married four times; and up to the time of her apprehension was assisting an evangelist in his Los Angeles office. She is now serving a ten-year sentence in the U.S. women's reformatory at Alderson, West Virginia.

In brief, here are some of the preventive measures recommended by Director Hoover, to take the profit out of bank robbery:

Make regular tests of any and all alarm devices maintained, to insure they are in the best possible operating condition. Do not underestimate the value of an alarm system. Thieves dislike nothing more than noise.

A financial institution is very seldom prey for a criminal unless it has been thoroughly "cased." Tell all employees to carefully observe persons loitering in the building. You should be discreetly wary of suspicious looking individuals who seek change or open small savings ac-

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counts — a common ruse used by robbers to gain intimate knowledge of the interior of a building.

Be identification conscious. Check on workmen and be certain they are what they represent themselves to be. You demand identification before cashing a check for a stranger . . . be just as certain with unfamiliar maintenance employees.

Keep the amount of cash in the tellers' cages at the very minimum. Make it a practice to have at least one bundle of cash in every teller's cage sequenced by serial numbers — and record those numbers. This is important so that in event of a robbery, the loot will be readily identifiable.

All employees should carefully remove all currency and securities from counters, desks and tables in event they leave their posts. Sneak thieves have a favorite device of telephoning a teller by name and requesting him to search for a package allegedly left at the bank by the caller. With the teller thus diverted, it is possible for the caller's accomplice to reach into the cage and remove everything within reach.

Since operations of financial institutions are complex, efficient operation calls for many well-established routines — but trouble is invited if unnecessary routines are adopted. Experienced robbers plan their crimes carefully and observe the movements of the various employees, guards, watchmen. Different individuals should open and close the institutions. It is suggested that employees go to lunch at staggered intervals. Such a method of operation is likely to discourage a criminal. Similarly, deliveries of cash and securities by messengers should not be made according to any particular schedule or routine. Make it your routine to avoid unnecessary routine.

Director Hoover also suggests some safety measures, such as:

» Armed guards, with training in firearms.

» Microphones connected with local police departments.

» Trip alarms, which may be set in motion by an employee merely pressing with a finger, or stepping upon, a button.

» Bulletproof glass on all tellers' windows.

» Tear gas mechanisms which can be installed for operation in various parts of a building.

"Banks," said Director Hoover, "are an almost irresistible attraction for that element of society which seeks unearned money. Joint effort on the part of banking institutions and law enforcement agencies can, however, effectively reduce the opportunities of the criminal to ply his trade."

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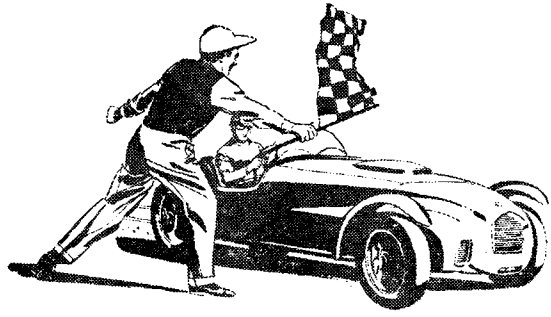

ALL ABOUT *Automobile Racing*

by **GEORGE KENT**

PRIOR TO 1896, British law required that an automobile driver must hire a man with a red flag to walk ahead of him. Then the law was repealed and the country's motorists celebrated by having their first automobile race, roaring from London to Brighton at 15 miles per hour.

Today more cars race, more money is spent on them, more people watch them than at any other time in history. An attendance of 75,000 at a football game is noteworthy. But at the Indianapolis auto races, the crowd reaches 175,000. At Le Mans, France, where 77 spectators were killed last June, it is 250,000. In Germany at the Nurburgring, it is 500,000. As for the Mille Miglia — the thousand-mile road race in Italy — conservative estimates put the number watching at five million. Two other road races — the Pan-American in Mexico and the 1,000-miler in Argentina — also bring out spectators by the millions.

Counting all races in the United States, from the five-mile sprints of midget machines to the bellowing 500-mile sweepstakes at Indianapolis, we stage roughly 5,000 contests a year. Some 25,000,000 people watch them and the winning drivers pocket in prize money close to $3,000,000.

There are the stock car races: for $100 jalopies, for hard-tops, for late models. There are sports car races in which entries will range from a barn-rebuilt, hotted-up Ford to a screaming $20,000 Ferrari. There are hill climbs, races from a standing start over a measured mile, and the

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formal AAA races for specials. And finally, there are the community rallies which, placing no emphasis on speed, combine the zest of a treasure hunt with a test of real driving skill. In one husband and wife contest, for example, the man is at the wheel blindfolded and drives as directed by the woman seated beside him.

Most European racing differs greatly from the American. There are, for example, road races in which cars roar over the public highways through towns and villages for hundreds of miles. Then there is the Le Mans endurance contest — a 24-hour grind won by the car which covers the greatest number of miles. But the sport in Europe comes to full flower in the Grand Prix races, probably the most exacting tests of car and driver ever invented.

Averaging about 300 miles over a period of three hours, they are raced on enclosed tracks which meander through the country side for miles. Some are moderately simple and high speeds are possible but in the most challenging of them all, the Nurburgring, no driver has been able to average 100 m.p.h. This is a 14-mile course which takes drivers up and down mountains and through woodlands, over a route with 174 car-killing turns — hairpin, S-shaped, right angle, horseshoe.

Each country in Western Europe has its Grand Prix, and a man becomes world champion on the basis of a point score made in nine of them, plus two non-European races: Indianapolis and Buenos Aires. (In America a champion must win at Indianapolis and in 12 other events.)

A racing car entered in a Grand Prix rarely weighs more than 1,800 pounds. (A standard coupe weighs more than 3,000.) Stripped of all unnecessary weight, such as starter, heater, radio, even ash tray, it looks like a torpedo and is almost as deadly. A low-slung one-seater, it may cost as much as ten Cadillacs. Mercedes figured the cost, including money spent on research, of the three cars it raced in 1952 at $200,000 each.

All the essentials of your old reliable are in a racing car but stronger, more refined, often specially built — and, as a result, vastly more expensive. Tires are twice normal price and a driver may use two sets in a short race. The volcanic rock roads in the Mexican race can reduce a tire to rags in 70 miles.

Brake linings, because of the searing heat generated when brakes are applied at high speed, have special cooling systems. But still they may burn up. One powerful application of the brakes every three miles in a long race will damage the lining more than a year of normal driving. The great fear of every driver is brake fade; if the brakes go, the race is usually over for him, although there are instances of men who finished races without brakes by a clever use of the gear lever. At Le

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Mans, cars are obliged to slow down from 170 to 30 m.p.h. in a few hundred yards — and repeat the process lap after lap. In 1953, a Jaguar won the race because its new disc brakes were so powerful the drivers could wait longer before applying them.

The spark plugs cost three times regulation and wear out three times as fast. One U. S. maker produces a plug with platinum points; cost, $40 each. Eight miles per gallon is practically tops and the fuel used is high-octane gas, doctored with various costly chemicals. Pressure in the tires varies with the circuit and the temperature. It may go as high as 55 pounds front and 60 pounds rear; average is about 40. Tires stay cooler when well inflated.

DESPITE tough, resistant materials used in its manufacture, the racing car in a Grand Prix has a short life. A driver who pushes his car beyond its capacity can destroy it in 25 miles. For each car that finishes a Grand Prix there is one or more left behind, collapsed or wrecked. One year, only four out of 22 starters finished the Grand Prix at Rheims. The best drivers baby their engines, gears, brakes and tires, and keep below their maximum speed. In fact, there is a saying among the professionals that the one who wins races is he who drives as slowly as he can.

The scene of any of the big races in Europe is like a county fair, a carnival. With sound effects. Motors roar. Loud-speakers blare. The flags of many nations whip at their staffs. At Le Mans, the public last year spent $1,463,500 in 24 hours. Ten restaurants and 30 bars offer fair food, drink and dancing. In the parking lot are 20,000 cars; at the airport, 100-odd private and chartered planes; near the grandstand, scores of tents for those who scorn hotels. There are 1,000 policemen, an infirmary with 60 beds, 40 doctors, 10 ambulances, and a chapel.

Before a big race begins, there is mounting tension. In the pits, gay with candy-stripe awnings, the mechanics are giving their cars the final tune-up. The drivers are smoking their last cigarettes. The man behind the loud-speaker is droning out statistics as airplanes circle overhead. Now the competing cars are pushed onto the track by the mechanics, the drivers on foot walking beside them. Racing cars must be push-started or cranked by portable starters. Chalked out on the track is a grid on which the cars take their positions, three or four abreast, the places being fixed on the basis of time made in trial laps run off the day before.

The drivers usually wear one-piece overalls, gloves, helmets and goggles. Around their waists are broad corset-like belts to protect back and abdomen muscles. Most drivers strap themselves into the bucket seats. Two years ago John Fitch, an American, went off the road at Rheims at 140 miles per

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hour. The car turned over three times but he was uninjured. The belt saved him.

The racer is not a comfortable car, for it has none of the assembly-line automobile's soft springing. Riding in one has been described as being dragged along the road in a box. To turn the wheel takes strength, especially at low speeds. To preserve his brakes, the racing driver uses the gear lever constantly — in a car without synchro mesh or any automatic devices. At the end of three hours' racing, the driver's shifting arm is so tired it is ready to drop off — which is one reason why all contenders, before racing, are obliged to pass a rigid physical examination.

A great many have prepared for the racing season by skiing, skating, swimming and tennis. Some go on special diets, cut down on cigarettes and wine. At the wheel, the driver is suffused with the reek of hot oil and exhaust fumes; this plus the jolting, rocketing ride will sicken anyone without a sound stomach and a good pair of lungs in a matter of minutes. In a three-hour Grand Prix race, a driver will lose as much as ten pounds. The only other sport that takes as much out of a man is a 15-round prizefight.

THE CARS are warmed up now. The clutch is down on the floorboards. The gear is set in low. The loud speaker tolls off the seconds. The flag drops — and they're off, ripping out of stationary positions like shells out of a cannon. In seconds they are up to 60 m.p.h., still in low gear.

Gears on some racing cars are so adjusted that it is possible to go 80 in first, 100 in second, and so on through as many as five forward speeds.

Should a car stall or go into a skid, there will be carnage. It has happened. In a Brussels race in 1953, a driver skidded and within 50 yards of the grandstand, 11 cars smashed, spun, overturned and blazed; only two of them were able to go on.

At the beginning, the track is crowded with cars jockeying for position, but soon they are spread out and the race settles down to a battle between three or four cars. Inexperienced drivers will delight the galleries by the way they hunch over the wheel and go screaming around curves. But the master will do the same thing without display, faster and with less damage to the car. His skill shows most at the corners. A film of Ascari (world champion in 1952 and 1953 who was killed in a practice run in Italy last May) showed him taking the same curve in 15 laps of the same race; each time he entered it at exactly the same place, followed the same line through and out of the corner. Had his car been mounted on rails it could not have traveled with greater precision.

Some drivers favor the so-called "power slide" as a way of taking a

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curve. The driver keeps his foot on the accelerator and points the car in towards the rail. The car moves forward broadside on all four wheels, practically at right angles to the road, controlled not by the wheel or the brake but by the gas pedal. The advantage is that when the driver comes out of the corner he is pointing into the straightaway. To the spectator there is nothing more exciting than the sight of two cars powersliding, hub to hub, around a curve. However, the best racing men regard it as bad driving except in dire necessity, because it wastes rubber and slows the car down.

The mechanics in the pits have laid out their tools, spark plugs, fan belts, batteries. Spare wheels are piled at arm's length from the track edge. The gas pumps, with three-inch nozzles which can drive five gallons a second into a tank, are ready. Close at hand are fire extinguishers and the big fire-blankets used for smothering the flames should a driver's clothing go ablaze.

In the ordinary Grand Prix, a driver will make one stop at the pits for gas and oil — if he is lucky. Leaving the motor running, he jumps out of the car. Someone sponges his face, cleans his goggles, hands him a drink and a lighted cigarette. Most drivers take water only. One always took champagne in which glucose had been dissolved.

The mechanics swarm over the car, cleaning the windshield and the mirrors, checking the oil, tightening bolts. They work at astonishing speed. In most Grand Prix races, the number of mechanics is limited to two to a car — which makes their records seem incredible. Once a car took 30 gallons of gas, a gallon of oil and four new wheels in 52 seconds.

A BIG thrill of motor racing is to see an underpowered car which, on the basis of arithmetic could not possibly win, manage by sheer skill of the driver to come in first. One way the driver can do this is by what the British call "slip-streaming" and we call "bulldogging." This means that he gets a few feet behind a faster car and allows himself to be pulled along in the vacuum created. If well performed, this trick can add between 15 and 20 miles to his speed without increasing his consumption of fuel.

In America, bulldogging is sometimes employed for its psychological effect. Old racing drivers say there is no one who can stand up under the strain of being tailed lap after lap. It is also dangerous, for if something goes wrong with the car in front, a collision is inevitable. Stirling Moss, a famous British racer, once shook off a bulldogger by waggling his car from side to side. The man behind thought something had gone wrong with Moss's steering gear and, in fright, dropped back.

Many of the tricks of horse racing are used on the track: Cars are forced off the road, boxed in, forced to run

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themselves to a standstill. There are other tricks peculiar to the sport — all of them dangerous. In a road race at night, when a car is being pursued by another, the leader may turn off his braking lights. The other, concentrating perhaps more on the car ahead than on the road, may fail to brake and, entering a sharp curve too fast, put himself out of the race. The great Italian driver, Tazio Nuvolari, used to turn off his headlights in order to make the man ahead think he had dropped out of the race. The leading driver, believing he was out of danger, would slow down — and Nuvolari would sweep past.

AUTOMOBILE racing always has produced great personalities. Old hands remember Barney Oldfield, Eddie Rickenbacker, Ralph de Palma. Today there is a new crop. For example, Briggs Cunningham, from Connecticut. Here is a millionaire who grubs in the shop with the other mechanics and races with his drivers. In five years he has spent $1,000,000 trying to win the Le Mans race with an American car. The best his cars have been able to do so far is come in third. In the meantime, Cunningham cars have won every American sports car race of any importance.

There is manufacturer Enzo Ferrari, famous wherever cars race, who builds beautiful, enormously fast little cars that net him very little profit. He never goes to a race because, he says, "When I hear one of my cars in the race getting sick, I too feel sick."

Worthy of mention is the achievement of Germany's Mercedes-Benz. In 1946 the company's plant was 70 percent in ruins. In 1948 the assembly line was moving. Four years later a Mercedes racing car won the Pan-American in Mexico. Last year, thanks in part to the Argentine driver, Juan Manuel Fangio, it won more races than any other make.

Fangio, the 1954 world champion, is five feet five, stout and bowlegged. He has gentle, smiling eyes but on the track he becomes a man with "a cold fire in his belly," whose hard hands snap off gear levers, whose feet crush gas pedals. Said one driver: "Fangio ahead of you is an airplane, behind you he is a tiger." Forty-four years old, Fangio began life as a garage mechanic, twice has been champion of the world and in the 20 years he has been driving has won every important race in the world except the Mille Miglia and the Indianapolis Sweepstakes.

Some credit for Fangio's performance must go to big, blond Alfred Neubauer of Mercedes, probably the greatest of racing car managers. Neubauer, like all men in highly specialized professions, rules his drivers with an iron hand, telling them when to drive fast, when slow, how to take corners. None prepares for a race with greater thoroughness. In getting ready for the 1955 Mille Miglia, in which Mercedes entered

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four cars and placed first and second, he spent months studying the course. One of his drivers, Karl Kling, went over the thousand miles 15 times, covering 15,000 miles, purely for the purpose of familiarizing himself with the curves and hazards. In the race itself, however, Stirling Moss led the way, with Fangio second. Kling cracked up, breaking three ribs.

OF AMERICAN drivers, the most interesting — although not the best — is a young fellow named Akton Miller, who came in fifth in the Pan-American this year. His performance was remarkable because, like hundreds of other Americans, Miller built his own car — working in a shed next to his Whittier, California, home. On a Ford chassis, he mounted a 1951 Oldsmobile engine souped up to 250 horsepower. He added a 1935 Nash overdrive, a 1937 Cadillac transmission, Lincoln brakes, Ford wheels and a Model-T Ford body. With this strange medley of parts, costing $3,000, he set out to compete against teams backed by the ablest and wealthiest manufacturers in the world. Ferraris took the first four places, but no other driver was cheered with such enthusiasm as Miller. On roads that twisted up and down mountains from sea level to 10,000 feet, he finished with an average of just under 100 miles an hour. "He was," wrote a French reporter, "the moral victor."

In that race, six people were killed, about 20 injured. The year before, casualties were even greater. Giovanni Bracco, an Italian driver, said at the time, "This race will kill us all." It is the most dangerous race in the world, but it is only one of thousands in the most dangerous sport in the world. All of the great racing drivers today, from Fangio down, have spent time mending in hospitals. All remember with sorrow fellow drivers who died in accidents. At Indianapolis alone, 46 have been killed — 25 drivers, 14 mechanics and seven spectators, including American champion driver, Bill Vukovich, this year.

From the standpoint of the driver, the Pan-American is the most dangerous of them all. But every race is packed with potential death. At Le Mans last June 11th, a silver Mercedes driven by Pierre Levegh of France and moving at 125 m.p.h. spun into the embankment. Built of magnesium and loaded with gas, the Mercedes was a high-speed bomb, ready to go off on impact. It exploded and killed the driver and 77 spectators and injured 77 others.

The Le Mans disaster was the worst tragedy in the grim history of a sport which is essentially a race with death — the most dangerous sport in the world.

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Twenty Questions FOR WALTER REUTHER

By Paul C. Kent

An Open Letter to the United Auto Workers:

I address you as the men who turn out 85 percent of the world's automobiles. You keep America on wheels, and America-on-wheels assures you productive, prosperous and happy lives. Your heritage flows from an economic system found nowhere else on God's green earth. You have short hours, high pay and good working conditions because of the American Framework of Freedom. That framework has the height of political freedom. It has the breadth of religious freedom and the depth of economic freedom. It is a three-dimensional Framework of Freedom.

Whether you continue to enjoy its protection depends on your leadership. The man who leads you is Walter Reuther. Will he stay within our Framework of Freedom, or will he lead you out? The answer to that can be determined by asking him Twenty Questions:

1. ***Mr. Reuther, how did your early education differ from that of most Americans?***

There had to be a difference. Most families are Republican or Democratic.

Grandfather Jacob Reuther and Papa Valentine Reuther were working Socialists who brought their dialectic to the dinner table.

They indoctrinated Walter and his brothers thoroughly into the Gospel of Marx.

One of Walter's memorable boyhood experiences was a trip with his father to the Moundsville, West Virginia, prison cell of Eugene V. Debs, the Socialist leader.

2. ***Did your father take you to church?***

Several factors suggest this question. Papa Valentine belonged to the Lutheran Church but broke off because he could not reconcile God and Karl Marx. He nevertheless continued to take his sons to church so that they could pick the minister's sermon to pieces at the dinner table. On March 18, 1933, Reuther spoke before the Young People's Socialist League at the Masonic Temple in Flint, Michigan. There is sworn testimony that, when asked if he believed in religion, Reuther replied, "We do not believe in God but that man is God."

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3. ***Outside your home were you an active Socialist?***

Reuther does not deny his wide activity. At Wayne University in Pittsburgh, he was a campus radical. He opposed the ROTC as Fascisti and organized a branch of the League for Industrial Democracy. Later on, he helped the political campaigns of Norman Thomas and ran for the Detroit Common Council on the Socialist ticket. There is evidence that he considered accepting the Socialist nomination for President in 1944.

4. ***Have you ever worked for industry?***

That can be quickly answered. The Wheeling Steel Corporation and the Ford Motor Company both fired him.

5. ***When your brother Victor and you went to Russia and worked in the big auto plant at Gorki, did you show Russian workers our retooling methods?***

The Reuthers have explained it was their job to train young Russian workers in the use of the most modern American tools.

6. ***While living in Russia, didn't you write a letter praising the Communist regime?***

Reuther admits there was such a letter signed "Vic and Wal." It was written, he said, "in a burst of adolescent enthusiasm." He was 27, which few would consider adolescent.

7. ***Do you still insist the version of the letter read into the*** **Congressional Record** ***contains added material which makes it a distortion?***

This refers to the version of the letter ending with the exhortation, "Carry on the fight for a Soviet America." Neither Walter nor Victor Reuther has ever repudiated the letter entirely, nor indicated which portions of the letter are genuine and which forged.

8. ***Didn't you play a part in passing along the Communist-sponsored plan to limit salaries to $25,000?***

The proposal to limit all salaries to $25,000 was a plank in the Communist Party platform in 1928. It was revived in almost identical terms by CIO leaders in 1942.

9. ***As a matter of fact, didn't you go further and declare salaries should be limited to $10,000?***

He did in a radio debate, September 16, 1951.

10. ***Isn't it true that in the mid-1930's you identified yourself with the Communist faction of the UAW?***

Sworn testimony of John L. Frey and Ralph Knox, two labor leaders, indicated they considered him a Communist in word and deed.

11. ***Didn't you use purely Communist tactics during the Flint sit-down strikes?***

Cadres of known Communist leaders carried out planned violence.

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Brother Victor harangued acid-throwing mobs from sound trucks. When he was out of breath, a loudspeaker blared the "Internationale."

12. ***Do you recall that in 1937 you raised money for the Communist cause in the Spanish Civil War?***

Walter Reuther probably would not dispute this. Anyway, it is a matter of public record and sworn testimony.

13. ***About the same time, didn't you visit the office of Dr. Shafarman, and sign a card that you were without funds so that the City of Detroit would have to pay his fee?***

Again the sworn testimony of Detroit police officials.

14. ***Don't you think it more than a strange coincidence that this was the practice of hundreds of young Communists?***

There has been so much sworn testimony on this that it can no longer be a matter of dispute. Dr. Shafarman examined countless recruits for the Spanish Civil War. An investigation later found someone foisted the medical fees onto the City of Detroit. Asked if this Red conspiracy might not have cost the taxpayers $10,000 or $12,000, one official swore, "I would say way above that."

15. ***Hasn't your personal philosophy cleaved close to the Communist line?***

This question is prompted by many suggestions of what Reuther really believes — his use of the strategic minority, in violent ways if necessary; his professed pacifism as seen in his early campaign against ROTC and his own avoidance of service in World War II; and many other actions down to his support, as a power in Americans for Democratic Action, of the recognition of Red China.

16. ***Isn't it true that after your well-publicized purge of Communists in the UAW you shook hands with the leader of the Red faction?***

It has been pointed out time without number that they not only shook hands, but Reuther pledged that they would work together to unite the UAW.

17. ***Didn't you once refer to workers as animals?***

A news story of October 15, 1954, reported that Reuther had warned a government official "not to stir up the animals," who recently have had their dues raised 200 percent.

18. ***When brought down to rock bottom, are not your theories of economics purely Marxist?***

Guides to an answer here are numerous articles and public statements. One of them is the statement of Walter's *alter ego*, Victor Reuther, that "private ownership of monopolistic industries must be replaced by a form of social ownership." Walter Reuther wrote in the New York

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Times Magazine on September 16, 1945, that the country will go into a "tailspin of deflation" unless there is "government prodding." He has shown time without number that he doesn't think much of America's free economy. He has said, "Nineteen-twenty-nine can happen again." And, "The whole thing is cockeyed in America." And, "The time is later than you think." He believes wartime emergency planning and controls should become normal operations. There are some who fear that his real intention is not to help the working man but to wreck the capitalistic system. They point out that this attitude is revealed in his statement to you workers in your Cleveland meeting, "We're going back, year after year, and ask for more and more and more."

19. ***Do you think the true story of your shooting will ever be told?***

No criminal act since the Lindbergh kidnaping has taken as many curious twists as the shotgun shooting of Walter Reuther. Most mysterious of all are the behind-the-scenes dealings of your union, the United Auto Workers, with Donald Ritchie, who received a first installment of $5,000 after he had declared he could bring the gunmen to justice. Where is Ritchie now?

20. ***Walter Reuther, where are you taking us, and where are you taking the country?***

» The Bishop was talking to one of the student priests and the latter asked if he could have permission to smoke while he was praying. The Bishop quite indignantly told him:

"Nothing of the kind — when you are in church or when you are praying, you should not, of course, ever degrade yourself by smoking!"

A short time later, the student priest, while wandering around the building, saw a fellow student priest who was smoking. Said he to this fellow: "You are asking for trouble when you smoke!"

"Nothing of the kind," said the other. "The Bishop gave me his approval to smoke."

"How did you get that?" asked the first student.

"I asked the Bishop if it was all right for me to pray while I was smoking," answered the privileged one, "and the Bishop told me I was a fine Christian boy — and to keep it up!"

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What's a Good Name?

☆ ☆ ☆ BY LOUISE HAMRICK KERN

WHAT'S a good name? That's what the parents of 4,073,000 new U. S. babies had to decide last year. And, if the procedure used by some parents I know is the one in general use, there were several calm discussions, several windy tiffs and a shower or two of maternal tears before the baby landed a name of some sort. But, out of it all, one thing is certain — darn few of the boy babies landed the name *Percy*.

It's no mystery why. Guidance articles and pamphlets about naming babies thoroughly propagandize parents against *Percy*. "Give boys good old regular guy names like *John*, *George* or *Joseph*. No off-beat names," they warn. And that is the signal to pounce on *Percy*. "Names like *Percy* are a millstone around a boy's neck. They make him a laughing stock of the gang."

I have no secret yen to preserve the name *Percy;* I merely think this is just another fascinating case of history's doing a repeat, since *Percy* was a whipping boy before, in eleventh- and twelfth-century England.

Percy was bound by fate to be disliked in that era because it was a strictly non-English name, proudly flaunted in England by the victorious Normans. Generations later, when old antipathies were forgotten, it began to carry prestige, and was favored by the wealthy.

Now *Percy* is unpopular again. But it is only one of many solidly opposed male names, as name-seeking parents soon learn. Two others, almost as thoroughly blackballed, are *Elmer* and *Clarence*. To understand the campaign against certain masculine names, it is necessary to remember that most guidance articles are written by men. And men stick to their inbred list of boy's names, unbudgeable as a certain long-eared beast of burden. Unusual names horrify them; they might single them out for particular attention.

With that kind of situation confronting mothers attempting to pick out boys' names, it comes as a surprise when they find that men's attitudes are an entirely different cup of tea where girls' names are concerned. *Jenny*, *Penny*, or *Henny* — they won't object. Nothing is too old, too new, or too novel.

It is still more surprising that women, completely unhampered in choosing girls' names, have developed a noticeable tendency to pick one particular name out of all the galaxy available and work it to death. To demonstrate: if you can't

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think of half a dozen girls right off named *Debby*, it's because the girls in your life aren't little ones. This is the *Debby* decade.

Before *Debby*, there was *Sandra* — the reigning favorite of the 1940's.

But it was back in the 1930's that the all-time high in the phenomena of overworking one name was probably reached. In those years Shirley Temple's little-girl sweetness and beauty made so many parents think *Shirley* was the best of all possible names that five years after her first starring movie, a tide of *Shirleys* swamped American kindergartens.

Another name fad, one with fewer advocates but gaining favor, is that of coining and linking feminine names. The custom of linking or using two names as one began in eighteenth century England and came with the English to America, the fashion staying strong in the South. Al Capp went along with this characteristically Southern name style when he called his heroine *Daisy Mae*. But double names aren't a regional custom any more.

As PLENTY of unlucky little girls know, the only restriction on the choice of names in the United States is parental taste. But many other countries — France, Germany and Argentina among them — go to bat for helpless babies. Under the German law, for example, no name may be given that cannot be proved to have been used before.

Of course, while the feminine name fads are having their fling, certain traditionally cherished names like *Elizabeth*, *Joan* and *Alice* enjoy a steady favor unaffected by all the fluster.

At least one of the reasons why certain names zoom into fashion may stem from the fact that they sound "new." No doubt names like *Debby*, *Karen* and *Linda* sounded novel when they were gaining popular favor but actually it was just their long disuse or the fact that they came from a foreign source that made them seem to be.

Debby is from the old Biblical name of *Deborah; Karen* is the Norwegian form of *Catherine;* and *Linda* is really the shortened form of another Biblical name, *Belinda*. Other novel-sounding present-day favorites, quite as sedate in origin are: *Penny* from *Penelope*, *Cherry* from *Charity*, *Terry* from *Teresa* and *Candy* from *Candace*.

There is this to be said about names — if you don't happen to like the currently canonized favorite, there'll be relief if you'll bear with it a while. Fad names come and go, like hit tunes. *Sandra*, that rage of the 'forties, is rare in kindergartens now. And the history of name fads indicates that in the 'sixties there will be a dearth of Debbies.

But no matter how steady the styles stay in masculine names or how much the feminine ones fluctuate, two names stand out as all-time favorites throughout the Christian world — *John* and *Mary*.

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SOUND ON DISC

IN JANUARY 1932, a clarinet player named Frankie Teschemacher was killed in a taxi crash. I doubt that the Chicago papers even carried an obituary — but something went out of jazz when Teschemacher died. For in his own way, he was one of the originals of jazz, a flickering flame which carried far and will never be forgotten by those who love and understand the music. Today we have bop, jazzmen wear goatees and berets, and there's a lot of talk about not much trick music. Teschemacher was real.

Like many of the earlier jazz musicians, he struck fire precisely because his ideas were always struggling with a faulty technique. If you listen to the handful of records he made, you will hear that sharp, tortured clarinet tone driving everything before it, carrying the other musicians along, and fluttering against lyric outbursts which someone like Benny Goodman had the facility but not the soul to play.

On a Columbia 45 rpm Extended Play, you can hear four of those Teschemacher sides — *China Boy*, *Liza*, *Nobody's Sweetheart*, and *Sugar*. They are not very much as tunes, but he transforms them. They become a kind of chamber music for clarinet, trumpet, piano and percussion — taut, integrated, spare and beautiful. The record is called *Chicago Style Jazz*, and the band is McKenzie and Condon's Chicagoans. (They arranged the date, in 1927, at which the originals were cut.) Let the bop boys go bop. This is true music.

Another kind of jazz — relaxed, rich and melodic in the New Orleans manner — is a batch of songs sung by that old timer Lizzy Miles, backed by Tony Almerico's Band, and called *Hot Songs My Mother Taught Me*. Some of them are not precisely the kind they teach at Brearley or Spence, but the Vieux Carré was a finishing school in its way, and that's where Lizzy learned them. She sang them in Paris before the first World War, and she still sings them today. *Take Yo' Finger Off It* and *Mama Don' Allow It* are a little heady for today's juvenile

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delinquents — but *Georgia On My Mind*, *The World Is Waiting For The Sunrise*, and *Waitin' For The Robert E. Lee* you can play for anyone — and there are eight others.

If you close the windows, turn the volume up loud, fill the air with smoke, and water the whiskey, you can convince yourself that you're on Bourbon Street. For Lizzy's robustly insinuating voice and the instruments behind her are recorded by that extraordinary outfit, Cook's Laboratories, which does the best work in the business today. Cook's high fidelity is not an advertising slogan but an understatement. Lizzy Miles is transcribed with loving care. (Cook 1183.)

If my more proper readers will turn the page or look out of the window, I'd like to discuss another record of Cook's Sounds of Our Times — *Burlesque Uncensored*, otherwise known as *A Bare Faced Commentary*. Let it be understood that neither you nor I, dear remaining reader, has ever been inside of a burlesque house. Perish the thought. But Cook's recording engineers obviously have, for they have captured the slow, moaning music which fills the theater when the lights dim and the ecdysiast takes the stage — the music which picks up in tempo when the single blue spot picks up (I am told) her highly improper movements.

There are, too, the ancient routines of the baggy pants comedians, but these are somewhat meaningless unless you've seen the real thing. Most of *double entendre* is a matter of facial expression and gesture (or so the experts say) and this is lost on records. But for your dissolute friends, who have undoubtedly been inside a burlesque house, this will be a truly evocative record. Of course, the whole thing bored me, but friends keep twisting my arm so I play it for them. Now I know where they spend those Thursday nights, but you won't find me dead in a burlesque house — not on a Thursday night anyway. (Cook 1071)

Since this is all light summer fare, here are some single 45s you may care to spin on your phonograph — between large helpings of Mozart and Bach — stuff which I liked. There is, for example, another Stan Freberg opus (he did that hilarious *St. George and the Dragonet*) called *The Honey-Earthers*, a very funny takeoff on some sentimental TV show which I never want to see. . . . Nat "King" Cole runs once over lightly on something called *The Blues From Kiss Me Deadly*, not really a blues but good pop music. . . . It's low of me but I laughed hard at an effusion named *Duvid Crockett*, in which Mickey Katz rewrites the lyrics of the *Davy Crockett* tune with a Lou Holtz accent and a generous sprinkling of Yiddish expressions. (All of these records are on the Capitol label.)

Next month, back to serious music. — R. de T.

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Churches to Visit in New York City

By Hazel Hardesty Schneider

SEVERAL Sundays ago I met an out-of-town friend in the lobby of the Waldorf Astoria. It was late in the afternoon and a general air of gloom seemed to hover over my friend. "What do you do in this town on Sunday?" she burst out. "I've been to all the museums, I've seen the only plays which are open and I went to the movies right after lunch!"

Her plaintive query was one which many visitors ask, for New York City isn't its usual bustling self on Sunday. Downtown streets are deserted and almost the only people on the mid-town streets are those window-shoppers who don't know what else to do with themselves.

Yet this great city supplies that which is peculiarly appropriate for Sunday, for there are several hundred churches in Manhattan which open their doors in a warm welcome to strangers. Besides giving people an opportunity for worship, these churches also offer much that is fine in music and art, much that is interesting in architecture and history, much that is challenging in ideas and social contact.

If you are a zealous and energetic worshipper you can, by starting with an early Catholic Mass, get to at least four church services during a single Sunday and, if you want to do a little extra sight-seeing, you can plan an itinerary which includes visits to several other churches besides.

Some of the finest preachers of our time are in New York City and perhaps you will want to hear them even though they hold pulpits in churches of denominations which are different from your own. You probably know something about many of these men, either from their writings or from their radio and television programs.

From a strictly sight-seeing point of view, Manhattan's churches pro-

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vide a happy hunting ground, for the buildings represent every type and size of church architecture from the exotic Byzantine through Romanesque and Gothic to the functional modern.

THE MOST MAGNIFICENT churches in the city are the two great cathedrals which were planned and designed in the European tradition. One of these is St. Patrick's, where several thousand worshippers gather for the High Masses on Christmas Eve and Easter morning.

Another beautiful church, the Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine, is located in Cathedral Heights, beyond the north end of Central Park and it, too, is open daily for prayer and sight-seeing. Although it was started more than sixty years ago, this magnificent building is still unfinished. This cathedral will be one of the largest churches in the world, when it is finished, and is supposed to be durable enough to last a thousand years.

Riverside Church is housed in another very beautiful building. Its tower, modeled after that of the Cathedral of Chartres, is a landmark in this city of skyscrapers and is, as well, the center for a host of church activities. Riverside Church, which was made possible through the generosity of the Rockefeller family, also has a carillon of 72 bells which is justly famed for its range and sweetness of tone. The tower is open to visitors after the Sunday services and during the week, and a trip up there to see the great and small bells — and the breath-taking view of the city — is well worth your time and effort.

An entirely different type of church architecture is found in The Church of the Heavenly Rest on upper Fifth Avenue. This building is a restrained type of modern design and has a cool serenity which is restful to the heart as well as the eye. In almost startling contrast, Christ Church is housed in a richly colorful building which was patterned after the very early Byzantine churches.

Other art forms besides architecture abound in Manhattan churches to intrigue sight-seers. One of these is the beautiful mural by John La Farge, which is over the altar of the never-closed Church of The Ascension. This large fresco depicts, in softly glowing colors, the ascension of Christ and is one of his finest.

Richly glowing mosaics have been combined with colorful marbles to ornament the interior of Christ Church. Other saintly figures are to be found in the many, many examples of fine sculpture and wood-carving in a number of other churches around the city.

Whatever your interest in churches, you'll be able to find one somewhere in Manhattan which is of particular interest to you. If your search is for peace and the Word of God, or for history or beauty in art, architecture, or music you can find these things in abundance.

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UNESCO: 3¢ Worth of Poison

by

HARVIN MOORE, JR.

UNESCO propagandists, whose number is legion and who are cluttering up the educational system of the United States, never tire of reminding us that — man, woman, and child — we are spending annually less than the cost of a three-cent postage stamp to support this specialized agency of the United Nations.

Many Americans would gladly pay many times three cents to be rid of UNESCO's poisonous propaganda altogether.

The issue is not what UNESCO costs American taxpayers, but what it does to our minds with its incessant flow of world-government indoctrination broadsides.

If a man paid only three cents for a 22-caliber rifle bullet to put in his brain, only a fool with a twisted set of values and a macabre sense of humor would say that he got a bargain price for his suicide. He could have jumped out a tenth-story window for nothing. Likewise, there are cheaper ways of committing national suicide than buying and swallowing UNESCO's poison potions.

Just in case any American is left who thinks UNESCO is a soda cracker, let it be noted that it is a set of initials which stand for United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization.

UNESCO's General Conference opened its Eighth Session on November 12, 1954, in Montevideo, Uruguay, and ran for four weeks.

The Director-General of UNESCO, Dr. Luther H. Evans, considered the recent Montevideo General Conference especially significant because "the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, the Ukrainian S. S. R. and Byelorussian S. S. R. were present here for the first time . . . In addition, Hungary, Poland and

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Czechoslovakia have returned to active membership after some years of inactivity."

Thus, obviously, UNESCO perpetuates the stupid fiction of the United Nations that the Soviet slave-state is entitled to three votes in its deliberations and decisions on the preposterous contention that Stalin (and now Bulganin) was the head of three separate states. Dr. Evans hails the growth of "the family of nations forming UNESCO" by the sudden decision of the allegedly tri-headed Soviet monster plus its three satellites — Hungary, Poland and Czechoslovakia — to participate in the Montevideo General Conference.

THIS "family of nations" concept — a fantastic fiction entertained despite the announced intention of some of the family to slit the throats of the rest of the family at the earliest possible moment — is a part of the sloppy sentimentality characteristic of UN and UNESCO propagandists.

According to Dr. Evans, who is an American citizen, "there was an over-all unity of purpose" at Montevideo. What unity of purpose, other than the adoption of the annual budget of $10,500,000, was achieved by the Soviet and the American delegations, is not quite clear. A clear warning is served upon the American public whenever an American delegation to any international conference achieves "unity of purpose" with the Soviet delegations. Either a sell-out or a double-cross is indicated.

UNESCO now has seventy-two members. In the voting of the budget and the allocations of budget contributions by the members, the United States has only one vote. The do-gooders, up-lifters, down-reachers and one-worlders who comprise the American delegations to these international conferences do not, of course, challenge the disparity involved in their having only one vote out of seventy-two while American taxpayers are assessed one-third of the amount of the total budget. This assessment of $3,500,000 annually for the support of all the UNESCO boondoggles is levied against American taxpayers by a "family of nations," not by the Congress of the United States. (Parenthetically, it may be noted that the 1955 gross budget of the United Nations is $46,963,800, of which sum the United States has been assessed one-third by the *authority* of the UN General Assembly, not by the authority of the Congress of the United States.)

"Aw shucks," says the UNESCO propagandist, "what's the difference — $3,500,000 annually for UNESCO and $15,654,600 for the UN?"

"A people grown accustomed to watching billions squandered on global do-gooding will not mind spending a few paltry millions on one-world propaganda," runs the implied argument of those Ameri-

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cans who long ago became indifferent to the budgetary excesses of the welfare state, through sheer inability to think in terms of millions, billions and trillions. Such figures are the province of pure mathematicians and not-so-pure politicians.

The point is, however, that UNESCO spends money on projects and propaganda which are inimical to the interests of the United States, expenditures which are harmful and not merely wasteful.

American citizens who are deemed subversive by the agencies of their own government are still eligible for employment by UNESCO; and American taxpayers must contribute one-third of these salaries — the questionable loyalty of such UNESCO employees notwithstanding.

In August 1954, the Director-General of UNESCO informed four of his American aides that their contracts would not be renewed when they expired at the end of the year, because they had refused to appear before a United States loyalty board.

At the UNESCO General Conference in Montevideo, the Director-General sought and obtained power to dismiss, from UNESCO's staff, United States citizens who "are charged with having adverse loyalty records." The Soviet bloc — U.S.S.R., Ukrainian S.S.R., Byelorussian S.S.R., Hungary, Poland, and Czechoslovakia — voted against granting such power to the Director-General, an instance in which that "over-all unity of purpose" was not achieved.

Acting under the specific authority of UNESCO's General Conference, the Director-General promptly ousted three of his aides who are American citizens: David N. Leff, Peter Duberg and Mrs. Annette Wilcox. Thereupon, the three Americans appealed to the three-member Administrative Tribunal of the International Labor Organization.

On April 26, 1955, this appeals board of the International Labor Organization ordered UNESCO to reinstate the three dismissed Americans or pay them damages totaling $43,800.

NEW YORK University's Professor Theodore Brameld — who has a long record of supporting Communist-front enterprises — speaks for a large group of American educators in the matter of using UNESCO to foster world-government propaganda. Professor Brameld deplores the "glibness" with which many Americans swear their allegiance to "a world order — an order crossing all national lines and uniting all governments under one strong international authority." Calling upon his fellow countrymen to join the world-government crusade, Professor Brameld upbraids them in the following language: "We believe that somehow we can continue to support the hoary institution of national autonomy and at the same moment, rather by magic than by

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logic, also support world citizenship." The role of UNESCO envisaged by Professor Brameld is clearly set forth in his program for "turning an agency like UNESCO from a merely advisory body into a World Education Authority backed by resources commensurate with its urgent obligations."

If anything more were needed to make Professor Brameld's position clear, he has expressed it in the following unmistakable terms: "The majority machinery of the United Nations, UNESCO, or any similar organizations created on behalf of world order should be so greatly strengthened that no member country, *including the Soviet Union and its satellites*, can conceivably refuse to abide by its own power-backed decisions." [Italics in original of Brameld's *Ends and Means in Education: A Midcentury Appraisal.*] Brameld is professor of educational philosophy at New York University. He has a large following among American educators. Professor Ernest O. Melby, dean of the school of education at New York University, enthusiastically applauds Brameld's views.

THE WHOLE UNESCO apparatus is dedicated to disseminating world-government propaganda in the educational system of our country, from our grammar schools through our universities. The UN specialized agency is aided and abetted in this effort to brainwash our young people by a host of organizations such as the National Education Association, the American Council on Education, the American Association for the United Nations, the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, and the United World Federalists.

This list could be extended until the number reached the hundreds. It would reveal a shocking effort to subvert the foundations of our national sovereignty.

UNESCO itself has published a series of booklets entitled *Towards World Understanding*. Booklet Number IV in this series was entitled *The United Nations and World Citizenship*. It has been withdrawn from sale as a result of widespread protest of its blatant propaganda for world government. The reader may test this by trying to obtain a copy. Booklet Number IV advocated a "functional world government based on transnational rather than international cooperation."

Since the furor aroused over this case of UNESCO's advocacy of "functional world government," the organization's propaganda has been more subtle and, therefore, more effective in brainwashing the millions of American students of all grades who are subjected to its subversive attacks upon our national sovereignty.

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THE *Dog* CULT

BY W. L. SCHURZ

THE COUNTRY is going to the dogs and seems to like it. For one of the strangest phenomena in current American life is the rage of dog-loving. Anyone who dares to question its good sense or to diagnose it in the light of reason is branded a "dog hater," and in the opinion of all "dog lovers" belongs with those who leave the flag out after sundown.

Time was, not so long ago, when, though dogs were about, they were accepted for what they were — that is, as dogs. They had only a modest place in the national scheme, as became the obvious limitations of their intelligence and character. Most of them lived in the country and, like their masters, worked for a living.

They had not yet become urbanized, unlike the city-dwelling and suburban parasites who form the majority of the canine population today. Their genealogy was as mixed as that of the average American citizen. They spent most of their time outdoors and the extent of their coddling was to be allowed to sleep behind the kitchen stove on cold winter nights.

All that has changed. Some misguided sentimentalist remarked one day that a dog is "man's best friend," and thereby provided a slogan for a softer generation of "dog lovers." No other dumb animal has ever had such a build-up or such a good press. Unwilling to leave him among the lower fauna, where he properly belongs, his worshippers are trying to "integrate" him into the human race and make him a member of the family. In other words, by some metamorphosis worthy of Apuleius, dogs are to become people.

If men and women have become so dependent on the "friendship" of dogs they should have their heads and hearts examined. The condition must be indicative of a serious deficiency in human relationships that can be remedied only by the efforts of people to cultivate the attachments of their own kind. The lazy way out for the friendless individual is to accept the fawning servility of a dog as friendship and so to move over into the mental and spiritual vacuum of whatever psyche a dog may possess. The childless woman

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who addresses her pampered pooch as "mother's darling" is misplacing a maternal instinct and a surplus well of affection that could find a more suitable outlet somewhere among the emotional needy of the human race.

Students of cynology can trace in the dictionary the dog's remarkable rise in the public esteem in this century. A whole system of depreciative terminology evolved early about the dog. To the Greeks, a "snarling" person was a "cynic." To the French, the rabble is a "canaille," and, to the Spaniard, a "canalla." In Webster's New International Dictionary one of the definitions of "dog" is "a mean worthless fellow, a wretch." The same high authority defines "doggish" as "currish, snapping, cynical, sulky." To "put on dog" is to "act pretentiously" and to "go to the dogs" is to "go to ruin." The female of the species and her male progeny have peculiarly uncomplimentary connotations in the American language.

THE BIGGEST LIFT to the dog in this time of troubles came from Fala, the White House Scottie and much-publicized mascot of the New Deal. Fala got around to all the big conferences with Churchill and Stalin, and his comings and goings received almost as much space in the papers as did those of Harold Ickes and Harry Hopkins. The sob-sisters wrote up his love life with as much zest and feeling as if they were relating the doings of the Roosevelt boys themselves. When he died, even the sedate New York *Times* ran a first-page notice and a column-long obituary. And in a story from Hyde Park, the *Times* commented as follows: "In the Roosevelt Library here a section called the 'Fala Papers' contains thousands of letters and cards that fill eight standard library file drawers. Much of this correspondence consists of 'love letters' from dog owners who wanted Fala as a mate for their own pets."

Dogs have become big business. An impressive array of special interests promote their welfare for selfish reasons. Among these are the breeders; the kennel keepers; the owners of pet shops, where dogs have to compete with lowly goldfish and budgie birds; the veterinarians and concocters of dog nostrums and flea powders; the operators of de luxe motels, dude ranches and cemeteries for dogs; the publishers of dog magazines and writers of dog columns in the newspapers, who comprise the intelligentsia of the dog world; dog photographers and dog walkers; the *coiffeurs pour chiens*, who landscape French poodles and barber lesser dogs; the *haute couture* of dogdom, who make canine toggery, costume jewelry and other gear; the good ladies of the SPCA; and, finally, the men who hold up dogs' tails at fashionable shows.

The biggest economic stake in the business is in the hands of the manufacturers of dog foods. They run full-

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page ads in the mass-circulation magazines to make sure that Fido and Fifi can wolf a well-balanced diet that contains the proper scientific proportion of vitamins. The total value of this processed provender is said to run about $200,000,000 a year, or approximately twice what the American public spends annually for books. The sum is more than many countries spend for food for whole populations.

MANY DOGS have been the beneficiaries of wills, sometimes of lavish heritages. A widow in Tomahawk, Wisconsin, left her dog $30,000, and another Wisconsin woman willed the bulk of a $100,000 estate to Lady Pooh, her Boston bull. A Detroit widow, at her demise, provided for her well-fed terrier a $20,000 bank account, a town house, a winter home in Florida, and a car.

Some bequests are symptomatic of an interesting sense of values in American society. For example, a widow in San Pedro, California, cut off her husband with $5, but left some $15,000 for the care of her eight dogs.

Also, dogs have broken into society. At a Hollywood birthday party for two cockers, forty-two people waited on twenty-one dogs, or at the rate of two per dog. And at a fancy affair at Mike Romanoff's restaurant, staged exclusively for long-haired miniature dachshunds, the low-slung guests at the table were fed duck and chopped liver, and wound up the evening's festivities by being christened with champagne.

Some time ago, at the Pierre in New York City, there was a fashion show which featured the last word in togs for dogs — woolen pullovers and monogrammed coats, and slickers for rainy-day promenading. A leather goods store has displayed in its dog department patent leather collars, studded with pearls and rhinestones, and summer dusters in pastel shades for motoring in the country in the eastern dog days, and imported turtle-neck sweaters for that sportsman look. A specialty shop offers its clientele pajamas and lounging robes, and toys to drive dull care away.

Under the new dispensation, emphasis has been placed on the breed rather than on the dog. Dogs now have pedigrees, registered with the various kennel clubs, which keep their canine Almanachs de Gotha. They now have "sires" and "dams," and grandsires and granddams, back to the original founders of the house. The notation "parents unknown" on a dog's birth certificate is the mark of the mutt. Without caste or lineage, he is a potential candidate for the pound, unless adopted by some small boy as unconcerned about family trees as the dog is. Miscegenation in dogdom is frowned upon, though clearly favored by the dogs, who take little stock in genealogy.

Formerly, the various categories of dog had functional ends. You

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hunted foxes with foxhounds, fires with Dalmatians, and birds with bird dogs. Except for the so-called working dogs, dogs are raised today without a care or responsibility in the world, except to fawn on their owners.

What manner of creature is this that has been dubbed "man's best friend"? He is wantonly destructive of property and beneath his hand-licking sycophancy he is instinctively a killer; and he is foul in his personal habits. An animal psychologist has rated the dog's intellect with that of the gopher, with the gopher holding the edge.

The dog destroys flower gardens and litters lawns, and he runs up the nation's cleaning and laundry bills with his dirty paws and coat. After gorging himself with choice food, he will raid a garbage can.

MAN'S BEST FRIEND is a wolf at heart. According to a New York physician, there are about a half million cases of dog bite in the United States every year. Among favored victims are mail carriers, deliverymen and "paper boys," all people going about their business on peaceful missions.

Much has been made of the war records of dogs. As a matter of fact, most of the dogs taken overseas by the army were "police dogs" or German shepherds, a superior breed, whose lupine instincts have never been quite softened by man's over-indulgence. Moreover, they have an aptitude for training that is not shared by the ordinary run of dogs. Whenever a job is to be done that calls for a dog — carrying messages in wartime, or pulling down a criminal, or leading a blind man through crowded streets — it is they who are generally used.

One could not imagine a Scottie or a cocker performing any such useful services.

Another dog that still earns his keep is the old-fashioned sheep dog, which farmers and shepherds have managed to keep away from the corrupting influence of cities.

As for guarding property, a brace of guineas can do a better job than the average dog. Dogs may bark at intruders, but they are generally barking at the wrong people or at passing cars or at other dogs, or just because they like to bark.

There are reported to be some 20,000,000 dogs in the United States. That is about twice too many. They should be routed out of the cities and their suburbs. A dog has about as much place in a city apartment as has a billy goat. In the suburbs he is generally an unmitigated nuisance. There is still room for him on the farm where there may be chores for him to do, and in towns where he can trail small boys about. But people should give up the nonsensical notion that he is one of the folks. After all, the human race deserves better comfort in its troubles than it can get from this bumbling hanger-on.

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A Silent Sinner

By Willis D. Jacobs

One of his friends called him a "drifting, silent man, full of hidden passion," and a photograph taken two years before his death — taken the year that sent his name, both a reviled and a lauded thing, around the world — shows a tight mouth, a grave face. There is something fantastic about the face, too, with its shock of thick black hair, the full dark mustache, and quiet, pain-filled eyes. The man was dying already, as the picture shows.

So it was all for the worst that Synge attended the play that night. He had written it, he wrote "again and again — thirteen times," and nothing, not even his usual nervousness at a first night, could keep him away. It was pandemonium he saw, not his play, for the town was Dublin, the year was 1907, the play was *The Playboy of the Western World*, and the Irish people were resolved to destroy forever this man John Millington Synge and his insults of the Irish citizenry. They knew his work from before — hadn't they hissed a work of his into silence four years earlier, hadn't they shouted down another play of his just two years before, hadn't they prevented even the showing of still another play of his? Now they sat restive while on the boards of the Abbey Theater the first few lines of his *Playboy* were spoken. It was the gathering of a storm, a hurricane that broke when one of the characters used words outraging all traditions of modest speech.

Lady Gregory, friend and protector of Synge, saw a group of men sitting ominously together, and Synge himself had to telephone for the police. It was no use: the audience was out for blood. In the middle of the first act, horns tooted and shouts were howled. Not a word on the stage could be heard; the actors continued in dumb show. No word, in fact, of the three-act play was heard after the first ten minutes. Scuffles stirred the audience, roars of defiance were bellowed, and Synge, listening to it all, had to carry out the body of one of his defenders.

Every night for a week the tin trumpets blew, shouts were hurled at the actors and the theater threatened. Every night the police carted

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off demonstrators to court. Meanwhile, what of the author? It helped kill him, Lady Gregory later wrote; and in justification she took the play to the United States two years after Synge died in 1909. There its fate was curiously like its fate in Dublin. "In New York," said Yeats, "a currant cake and a watch were flung, the owner of the watch claiming it at the stage door afterwards." The actors were arrested in Philadelphia. Only the personal intercession of President Theodore Roosevelt saved the troupe.

And, after all, what was so outrageous about *The Playboy of the Western World?* No one today knows for sure, not even the Dublin audiences, where the play is now produced from year to year. In the year 1907, however, Ireland knew. What was wrong was the theme, the subject of the play. For here was a play declaring that an Irish country town would condone a parricide, would defend and extoll a son who murdered his father.

Perhaps, as his friend suggested, the riot helped kill John Synge. One other thing it did, though. The Abbey audience had rioted so violently against the play that audience, theater, play and playwright were heard around the world.

It was almost too late for Synge. He was only thirty-six years old, but for years he had wandered about Europe, often in half-starvation, traveling third-class or by foot, playing his fiddle to farmers as he sat by their cottages or walked with them on the road. He visited the bleak Aran Islands shivering in the long winds between Ireland and Newfoundland, listening "like a hare in a gap" to the native speech, sitting in the kitchens of the people, hearing with deep sympathy and curious detachment the tales of dead folk and dead happenings. When Synge died at 38, he had written but six plays, all short. It is a small niche in literature that he carved, but he carved it high.

All Ireland knows it now, as a certain few in Ireland knew it in his time. If only the Abbey audience had listened! For they would have heard, among much else, a love scene clothed in perilous beauty, spoken in a language delicate, passionate, and deeply Irish, the stars of heaven singing with the words.

Yet the richest lines are in Synge's last play, the beautiful *Deirdre of the Sorrows*, the most intense and human play of our century. Pure poetry clothes it; the mist of tragic life curls about it. But Synge never saw it. In the early morning of March 24, 1909, John Synge said wearily to the nurse, "It is no use fighting death any longer," and turned over and died. He had already written an epitaph:

A silent sinner, nights and days,
No human heart to him drew nigh;
Alone he wound his wonted ways,
Alone and little loved did die.

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